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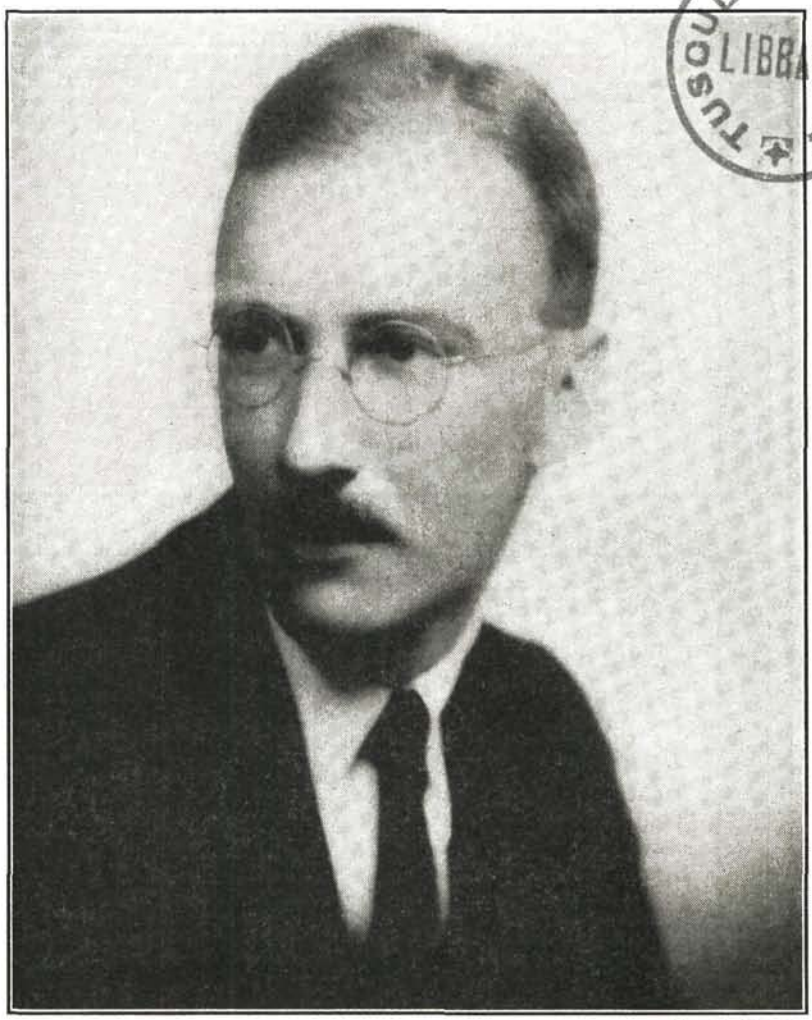

Claude Harris

C. S. FORESTER

"The first shot is fired on page 85, and the fusillade is almost continuous from there to the end of the book" . . .

(See page 3)

HUXLEY AT FORTY-THREE

An Interview by Ross Parmenter

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Dawn in Lyonesse

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

"Compact as a pearl . . . pages that almost force themselves to be read aloud."
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The New Books

Triumph of the *Sutherland*

SHIP OF THE LINE. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

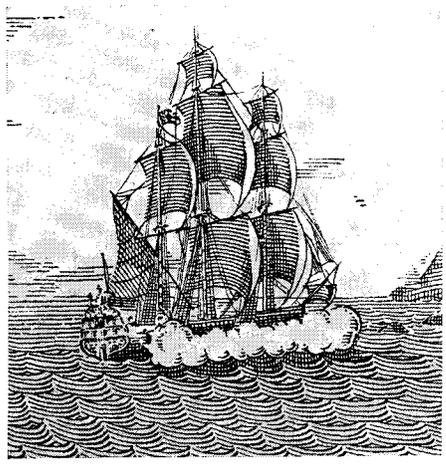
"THE GUN" proved Forester to be no run-of-the-mill romancer. In "Beat to Quarters" he spread his scene and deepened his experience. The novel in hand is a fair bid for the first-rate standing unquestionably due him.

It is a sequel to "Beat to Quarters," a further chapter in the life of Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N. Home from the South Seas and his capture of the *Natividad*, he receives the ship-of-the-line *Sutherland* with orders to proceed into the Mediterranean, joining other units of his squadron for whatever damage can be done Napoleonic Spain. The first shot is fired on page 85, and the fusillade is almost continuous from there to the end of the book; yet Forester's ingenuity, his sense of climax and transition, his deft mastery over material stand squarely in the way of monotony or boredom. The structure of the story is frankly episodic. But these episodes are rising steps in the revelation and development of Hornblower's character, they are shrewdly integrated parts of an artistic whole.

Forester's sense of the past and his means of communicating it to the reader have always been quietly competent. His seamanship alone is a delight. It is never paraded, nor is it ever overburdened and obscure. His style runs a fine line between the faintly archaic and our contemporary idiom, so that we get a language which, though it may be historically inaccurate in details, sounds just right. His intricate engagements, involving the detailed management of ships and guns and men long buried in the past, are as real, as immediate, as if we were there.

More real, indeed. For these mechanical matters are throughout merely support and motivation for the figure that dominates the story. Hornblower the self-conscious, the bored husband, the ardent lover — Hornblower the seasick commander, the poverty-stricken privateer—Hornblower the whist player, the indomitable fighter and the craven man —Hornblower who strips naked with nine seamen to capture and burn a merchantman: he is our other self, long buried too, living desperately if not always gloriously in this book.

The end is no end; it promises more of this strangely human hero to come. I believe many readers will be ready.



From the jacket of "Ship of the Line."

Lucky to Live

HOPE OF HEAVEN. By John O'Hara. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

DEVOTEES of the hard-boiled fiction which recently came to a climax in James M. Cain's "Serenade" will find Mr. O'Hara's new novelette a conservative example of its category. There is only one sudden death by violence, and it is accidental. The best thing in the story is the relation between the narrator—a Hollywood script writer named Malloy—and his girl, Peggy: a love story told with genuine sympathy and appeal. As so often happens, love is not enough. There is a plot which involves some far-fetched coincidence: Malloy befriends a petty crook; Peggy's father turns up out of a long lost past as a detective on the crook's trail; the wrong person gets shot, and relationships are messed up generally. The story is short, and it goes fast. O'Hara expertly reports every detail of every character's appearance and conversation. The reporting is so good that it gives you everything except the characters' inner lives, so conscientious that it ends by being just a bit dull. "Hope of Heaven" tells you that life is precarious: you're lucky if you don't get killed three times a day; losing friends and lovers is sad but inevitable. Readers undergoing a reaction against the slick pseudo-realism of "Serenade" may mistakenly regard "Hope of Heaven" as the same kind of pulp, on account of its surface similarity of style and action. It is far from being pulp, because it is honest and because the love story is sincere and moving. But O'Hara, with his third novel, is still a promising novelist.

Wreck of the *Medusa*

THEY SAILED FOR SENEGAL. By D. Wilson MacArthur. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

TO succeed in holding the reader's sympathy through more than three hundred pages of a novel of action which is also a tale of almost unalloyed cowardice, incompetence, barbarity, and despair, is an exceedingly difficult feat, rarely performed. And to maintain narrative interest in a story which has on the stage at the same time at least fifty persons, all described and characterized, is rarer still.

One would have said, therefore, that a novelist would find the most unpromising material possible in the wreck of the frigate *Medusa*. She sailed in 1816 to colonize Senegal with a number of soldiers aboard, headed by an exalted personage named Schmaltz, who knew everything about the workings of the French court and nothing about the workings of a ship at sea. Her captain knew hardly more; he was a returned émigré who had not been on a quarterdeck or in command for twenty years. His noble birth made it obligatory for him to repulse the advice of his ex-Bonapartist juniors; and the first part of the book is devoted to their efforts to sugar-coat their counsel sufficiently for it to be palatable, and their forebodings of what would happen if it were not taken.

It did happen; in the middle of the book Captain de Chaumareys runs his ship square onto a charted bank in clear weather with a friendly breeze. The rest is a tale of open boats and a more open raft, a few men escaping to shore and making a ghastly march through sand and sun, more dying amid frightful scenes of disorganization and cannibalism, while de Chaumareys and Schmaltz escape comfortably in the two best boats.

In essence, a fairly simple story, which Géricault summed up in a picture; but

Next Week

TOM WATSON: AGRARIAN REBEL
By C. V. WOODWARD
Reviewed by William Allen White

A PRAIRIE GROVE
By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE
Reviewed by Charles Allen Smart

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THE *MEDUSA'S* RAFT—PAINTING BY GERICAULT
From the jacket of "They Sailed for Senegal."

one which offers an infinitude of difficulties to the fictional narrator, who must concern himself with character in the midst of events so compelling that they tend to reduce all character to a pulp. Mr. MacArthur has triumphantly surmounted these difficulties. He has extracted every drop of juice from the records of the disaster, and has filled in the gaps with matter which is, if anything, better than the sources. The interviews between the vacillating de Chaumareys and his mistress, the half-sentences of the foreboding junior officers, are among the best things in the book. The author's method is dramatic; he has remorselessly discarded everything in the records that does not make good theater, and introduced whatever was necessary to bridge resulting gaps.

If one stops here, a point has been missed. Mr. MacArthur manages to keep his dramatics clicking because he is himself so interested in what makes these people act as they do, that he cannot stop to moralize or even to reflect. The conduct of a group of starving men on a beach under a hot sun may be despicable by armchair standards; but Mr. MacArthur is more interested in solving the question of what it is than that of what it should be. His approach is that of J.-H. Fabre to a colony of fruit-flies; and it is not till he has finished that we are allowed to realize that he has described a singularly unprepossessing set of scoundrels. The book is thus, in some sense, a *tour de force* that will hardly bear repetition. But one does not ask that a *tour de force* be repeated; only that it have consistency and self-contained excellence, and this "They Sailed for Senegal" has.

Fletcher Pratt is the author of a history of the U. S. Navy, which is shortly to be published.

Sparrow's Eye View

SPARROW FARM. By Hans Fallada. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by S. A. Nock

THE little clerk turns into a sparrow, and flies off to meet his dangers and his love. We are happy to fly with him, and to share his troubles with the old witch, and the bad sorcerer, and the good magician, and the foundling who becomes a magpie—happy because we delight in fairy tales. Most of us were brought up on them, and regret that we can no longer have as good a time with Grimm and Andersen and others as we used to.

Consequently, when Hans Fallada gives us a fairy tale, one in the good old German tradition, in which the characters are people, we read it with delight. Guntram and Asio and Bubo and the rest are individuals who are interesting in themselves; and what they do is perfectly satisfactory according to the requirements of a good fairy tale. Likewise, Eric Sutton's translation of the author's language is just right for the telling of a charming and amusing story.

The only trace of the Fallada we knew in "Little Man, What Now?" is in the criticism of humanity from the point of view of a sparrow. There is just enough of it to make us think a moment, and to chuckle over our own solemnity: then the fairy tale goes on, excitingly and beautifully. The German countryside, where all self-respecting fairy tales have their setting; the sorcerers and the witches on broomsticks and the enchanted cat, all are present. Here is that rarest of fictions, a fairy tale for grown-ups.

Sex, Just Sex

FORGIVE US OUR VIRTUES. By Vardis Fisher. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

ABOUT a dozen years ago Mr. Vardis Fisher discovered Sex, but he has not yet got over his naive astonishment at his own discovery. "Forgive Us Our Virtues" ("a novel that is too strong meat for eastern publishers" but that "has been printed just as Fisher wrote it, without a single deletion") is his latest report on this theme. Effete Easterners will discover from its fascinating pages that we are all sexually maladjusted.

I did not count the characters in Mr. Fisher's 347 pages, but I should guess there must be thirty or forty of them, and the staple of their conversation through the five parts into which the book is divided, is Sex. Just Sex. If on the Atlantic seaboard we are concerned about the depression or Austria or what is left of the New Deal, way out in Idaho they have greatly simplified life. There they drink indefinite cocktails and think about Sex all day long. It is true that even in Idaho men do not know how to fondle their women folks, and the result is that the women's club of Broom, Idaho, drives a pulchritudinous female psychoanalyst out of town. At least, she leaves, after what must be the most preposterous trial in fiction since the burlesque of Bardell versus Pickwick.

In the course of a conversation between the pulchritudinous psychoanalyst (who suffers from her own complexes) and a pleasing little ass named Ogden Greb (who suffers from his), there appears one sensible remark. While Mr. Greb is asking Miss Young whether she prefers to be called "sweetling," "sweet-sweet," "ducky beloved," or "tootlums," he is heard to say: "Lord, what a nuisance the unconscious mind is!"

Widespread as Sexual Maladjustment is, it can be cured. Mr. Greb and Sylvia show us how in Part V. Far out in an Idaho meadow Mr. Greb and his Sylvia are caught in a thunderstorm. With rare presence of mind, they immediately take off all their clothes, laugh like children, lie on their backs, and "let the fragrant rain drive upon them." I have not been rained on in Idaho, though I have been drenched in Colorado, and I do not recall that the rain was fragrant, but possibly they manage these things better in Senator Borah's commonwealth.

There seems to be no hope for us on the Atlantic seaboard. The number of places in which you can wander around naked with a female in a thunderstorm is so limited that I am afraid we shall have to go on being sexually maladjusted.

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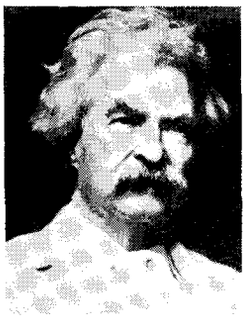
Mark Twain: a Caricature

MARK TWAIN: A PORTRAIT. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

IT would be hard to overstate the indignant righteousness, the dullness, or the wrongheadedness of this book. Years ago Mr. Masters's warfare against the gods of this world and against American life rose to a memorable heat in one book, but ever since then it has grown increasingly stale and repetitious, and by now it is merely splenetic, merely querulous. Since the press remains free, Mr. Masters indomitable, and publishers reckless with their money, we shall probably get more chapters of it. His book on Lincoln suggests that they may be even sillier than this one, but they cannot easily be duller or worse written. His prose was never very good; in this book it is a horrible blend of Fanny Fern gentility and the rhetoric that Quiller-Couch used to call *babu*.

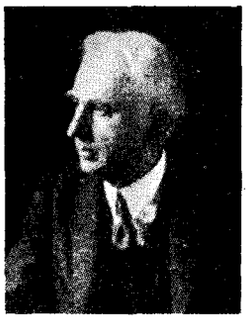


MARK TWAIN

The gods, America, and many individual Americans have let Mr. Masters down. Abraham Lincoln betrayed him by not agreeing with him about politics, slavery, compromise, finance, the South, the West, and the Middle West, by being far more corrupt and far less honorable, and by knowing a great deal less about the heart of man. Mark Twain also inflicted grievous injuries on him. The *babu* prose is not only vague and verbose but extremely contradictory as well, but the indictment appears to be this: Mark Twain was rich, he was a coward, he was a Republican, he was an infidel and something of an atheist but also a snivelling Christian, and he admired the Jews. Also, he did not write well (nowhere near so well as Mr. Masters), he was not a satirist, and he was not a philosopher. Also, he was a child, a youth, a boy, an adolescent, a humorist, a clown, a jester, a skeptic, a cynic, a Pagliacci—oh, finish it yourself. But mainly he was a coward, he believed in God, and he failed to be a philosopher. And Mr. Masters's remarks about philosophy suggest that he did not intend as satire those crackpot mysticisms on many tombstones beside Spoon River.

Much of the foregoing comes from Van Wyck Brooks's youthful venture in applied idealism, which is the only source Mr. Masters acknowledges. He adds without acknowledgment the villain whom Professor Wagenknecht contributed to Twain demonology, the Reverend Joe Twichell. The rest of it comes from Mr. Masters's chronic anesthesia to literature and from the Populism of his boyhood. The last element is what gives the book its antique aroma of dead economic heresies, rural rosicrucianism, and malarial bad temper. It is a forty-years-outdated political harangue by a Granger turned Bryanite, with choruses by the village atheist. If you can imagine *The Commoner, The Menace,* and Brann's *Iconoclast* combining to bring out a special issue, lumping their crusades together as of 1896, you will have the intellectual flavor, and the intellectual measure, of the book.

It has no bearing on Mark Twain, Mr. Masters is not qualified to write about him, what he says doesn't matter, and I cannot imagine anyone's taking it seriously. But the record must be kept, so—this is the worst book yet written about Mark Twain, the most inaccurate, the most wildly incomprehensible, and the stupidest. It is so full of errors that I can only name categories, assuring you that dozens, up to hundreds, of examples could be listed for each one. Typical misstatement of history: "the ardent and intrepid Fremont" was not, at the time Mr. Masters alleges, "in the front" of anything in Missouri except some of the greatest corruption connected with the Civil War. Typical inability to set down facts: Adah Isaacs Menken was not, as he says, the wife of Artemus Ward and Artemus was not part of the *Golden Era* group. Typical inability to report what Mark Twain wrote: Hadleyburg is not spelled Hadleyberg and is not an acrostic of Heidelberg, and Tom Sawyer does not join Huck Finn while he is still with the Duke and the Dauphin. Typical ignorance: Charles Dudley Warner was not unacquainted with Missouri but had had a career there very much like his hero's.



ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

It is also typical of Mr. Masters's book that he thinks the Duke and the Dauphin unworthy of anyone's talent, even Mark's, that when he admires something it is always a passage of Mark's lushest and windiest rhetoric, that he condescends to "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" (among other reasons because the boys' talk and thinking in Mr. Masters's "Mitch Miller" is much better), that he regards "A Connecticut Yankee" as pure foolery, and that he calls "The Mysterious Stranger" Mark's masterpiece. Such judgments can be attributed to a congenital insensitiveness to literary values, but it is not so easy to dismiss wholly unjustifiable misinterpretations of Mark's motives and behavior. Mr. Masters tells (adding that he does not guarantee it) a very snide story about Mark's relations with his publishers which is mere rumor, anonymous rumor at that, and which the standards of responsible biography would have required him either to verify or to ignore. He suggests that Mark went West (in 1861) because he foresaw conscription and wanted to avoid it—which is not only screaming idiocy, since no one foresaw it then, but a misrepresentation of every known fact about the episode so outrageous that it must be deliberate. He repeatedly says this sort of thing: "he wrote and published a casuistical apology for the Jews, whether with prudent money intent or not there may be no means of saying." The essay is not an apology, or even an apologia, and it is hard to see how even a militant anti-Semite could find it "casuistical"; but the feeble slur on Mark's motives, so angry and so altogether without foundation, is gratuitous and malicious and of a piece with much else that Mr. Masters writes. He repeats that sort of twisted insinuation over and over, enviously, compulsively, and always, so far as my researches extend, without justification.

A bad book, a false book, sometimes a vicious book, and the silliest of the now numerous books that waste time savagely assailing Mark Twain for not having been what he did not want to be, what he could not possibly have been, what no intelligent person supposes it was desirable for him to be. It has nothing to do with the books that Mark Twain wrote. Plenty of things are wrong with those books, but Mr. Masters is not competent to discuss their weakness, and whatever is wrong with them, they sometimes reach as high as anything in American literature. For fifty years they have given the fullest measure of delight to millions of people, not all of them fools, cowards, clowns, boors, and lickspittles. Whatever Mark was not, he was sometimes a great writer, as great as any we have, as certain of immortality. No part of that is true of Mr. Masters.

People who read such a book as this in good faith should understand that it, like Mr. Brooks's book, is evidently based not on what Mark Twain wrote, but on what Albert Bigelow Paine wrote about him. Mr. Paine was the Boswell of Mark's last years, but the value of his (very valuable) biography decreases with every year he goes back toward Mark's young manhood, youth, and boyhood. Since those are the years that were important for Mark's books, reinterpretations of Paine's interpretation of Mark's elderly memories should be received with skepticism. Isn't it time to grant Paine's interpretation full respect—but to go to the books themselves for our own?

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Squeezing Out the Black Gold

THEN CAME OIL. C. B. Glasscock. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

I KNOW no better word to symbolize the history of Oklahoma than "pressure." With ghastly, unrelenting pressure the closing ring of white man's civilization slowly crowded the red people here into one fiftieth of their original area. The pressure continuing, the flimsy communities of the red man were broken up, and have all but disappeared as significant social factors. Still unrelaxed, the terrific pressure of the white man has changed the landscape and driven its powerful tools through the crust of the earth, only to release the counter-pressure from below and literally squeeze out the fabulous wealth of black gold.

In a few brief, mechanized decades changes have been wrought which in the more deliberate days of humanity might have spread themselves out in terms of centuries. Naturally the details are not always pretty. But whether the scene is viewed as a symbol, or in its own right, it is anything but trivial.

Mr. Glasscock has sensed the sweep and direction of this great story, and told it in the tempo and vernacular of a modern newspaper man. He starts with the Trail of Tears along which the civilized Cherokees were driven from their plantations in Georgia, and brings the narrative right down to the latest oil well on the grounds of the executive mansion, the most recent foreign decoration on the lapel of a distinguished citizen, and the fairy-like skylines of Tulsa and Oklahoma City.

The pace has been breathless, and that is the way he tells of it. Even when he pauses to recount the episode of Cherokee Bill or John Stink, it is not to catch his breath. I literally found my pulses pounding at the end of the first few chapters and had to lay the book down to compose myself; nor am I subject to suggestion from phony sources.

In his story of the exploitation of the Indians and the ruthless race for oil, the author generally lets the facts carry their own moral judgment. On the rare occasions when he breaks this rule, his comments have the more force for it. Speaking of the effects of the sudden, unbelievable private wealth, he says "It is an authentically engraved invitation to folly—and to crime. At first the folly was that of children turned loose with a free hand in candy and toy shops. . . . It moved on to murder." Nor is he slow to praise those who have made good use of their money for social ends.

He has a keen sense of the economic aspects of the oil business, and includes an interesting discussion of its relation to banking. He makes, for the first time I have seen it in print, an observation which may be heard from engineers in the oil business—that often as much money goes into the ground as comes out. He shows how the development of the new deep fields—as much as a mile and a quarter down—is business for highly organized and controlled effort, technical, financial, and industrial. With respect to society's interest in the conservation of a future oil supply, he is content to raise the question and bring it into sharp relief. It is clear that he feels encouraged by the voluntary program of restricted output which the industry has developed, although he is by no means blind to its handicaps.

The stuff is all here for a great book. We may depend upon deliberate, self-conscious literary artists not to overlook that possibility for long. But not many are likely to give as keen an emotional understanding as can be had from this, done obviously as a matter of the day's work, and honestly showing the faults as well as the virtues of quick writing.

Paul B. Sears is the author of "Deserts on the March" and "This Is Our World."

Forecasts of Disaster

THE SECRET LETTERS OF THE LAST TSAR. Edited by Edward J. Bing. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by IRINA SKARIATINA

THIS correspondence between the Emperor Nicholas II and his mother is of intense interest and one only regrets that all the five hundred letters are not published in their entirety. Released by the Soviet Government from the public archives, they have important historical significance. The first letter written by the Tsar when he was a small boy closes with childish "kisses for Papa . . . and the rabbit," while the last is a heartbroken missive from the Dowager Empress Marie, written in November, 1917, when the Emperor and his family were prisoners at Tobolsk, shortly before their deaths. Through most of the letters there runs a note of forthcoming disaster.

Rather than "secret" they are more in the nature of "intimate" letters between mother and son deeply devoted to each

*BOOK PREVIEWS**

The Beginnings of Privacy

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

UP to the seventeenth century, at least in the north, building and heating had hardly advanced far enough to permit the arrangement of a series of private rooms in the dwelling. But now a separation of functions took place within the house as well as within the city as a whole. Space became specialized, room by room. In England, following the pattern of the great houses, the kitchen was broken off from the scullery, where the dirty work was done; and the various social functions of the kitchen were taken over by the living room and the parlor. The dining room was separated from the bedroom; and though in the seventeenth century a lady's bedroom still served as a reception room for her guests, whether or not the bed stood in an alcove, in the eighteenth a special room for meeting and conversation, the drawing room, the salon, came into existence. And the rooms no longer opened into each other: they were grouped along the corridor, like houses on a street. The need for privacy produced this special organ for public circulation.

Privacy was the new luxury of the well-to-do; only gradually did the servants and the shopkeepers' assistants and the industrial workers have a trace of it. Even in the fine houses of the nineteenth century, the domestics often slept in the kitchen or in a bunk adjacent to it, or in dormitories. Now, privacy had been reserved, in the medieval period, for solitaries, for holy persons who sought refuge from the sins and distractions of the outside world: only lords and ladies might dream of it otherwise. In the seventeenth century it went with the satisfaction of the individual ego. The lady's chamber became a boudoir, literally a sulking place; the gentleman had his office or his library, equally inviolate; and in Paris he might even have his own bedroom, too. For the first time not merely a curtain but a door separated each individual member of the household from every other member.

**This week The Saturday Review presents a foretaste of Lewis Mumford's book, "The Culture of Cities," to be published March 31 by Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

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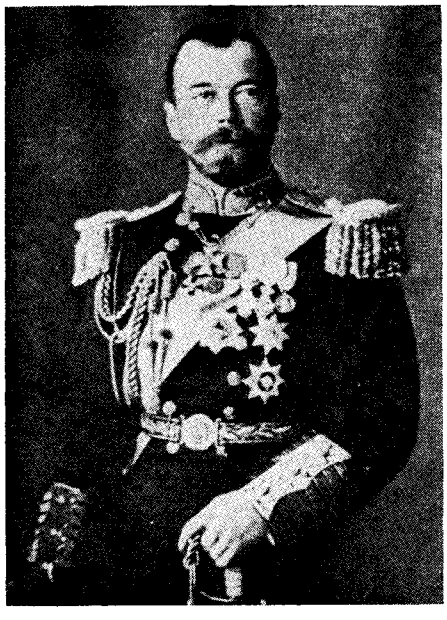
other. Of the two, the Empress Marie is undoubtedly the stronger personality, and in many instances is more politically foresighted than her son, owing to the experience she had gained as the wife of Alexander III.

The earlier letters have less to do with the political side of Russia, being more concerned with the little things of everyday life, travels, the fatal illness of the Grand Duke George, courtship of Princess Alix, and intimate glimpses of other members of the family and relatives such as "Willie," the Kaiser; "Uncle Bertie" of England; and "poor Uncle Willie" of Greece.

In the second part of the book the letters become far more interesting from the historical point of view. For instance, there is a very significant one in which the Dowager Empress tries to influence her son against the increasing policy of ultimate Russification of Finland, a country up to the last reign practically autonomous. "What makes me despair," she wrote, "is that it is you, my son, who is so dear to me who has been persuaded to inflict all those flagrant injustices—a thing that you never would have done of your own accord." And her apprehensions proved prophetic, for the Governor General appointed by the Tsar was assassinated the following year.

The disastrous Russian-Japanese war, the first Revolution of 1905, the mutiny of the Black Sea Fleet, assassinations, disorders in the cities and throughout the country, the railway and general strikes and the creation of the Duma are all discussed at length between mother and son. Following the Revolution there is a period of comparative calm before the outbreak of the World War, and the letters again become more personal and happier, though there are very few letters to cover this last period, and only two are dated 1917.



THE TSAR NICHOLAS II

There can be no doubt about the authenticity of these letters. Clearly as in a mirror are reflected the familiar personalities of the Empress Mother and her son. Groping helplessly through a maze of events and conditions they could not cope with, they became victims of a system which was an anachronism in the twentieth century.

Irina Skariatina's book, "A World Begins," depicts the overthrow of the Czarist regime.

Preface to Exile

CONQUEST OF THE PAST: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

PRINCE LOEWENSTEIN

HERE is the melodramatic story of the "Red Prince," the Bavarian noble who in 1930 joined the Reichsbanner, the green-shirted youth organization of the republican parties, in its final and futile attempts to block the triumph of Hitler. Well known in America for his impassioned writings and lectures against the Nazi regime, Prince Loewenstein describes in detail his transformation from a sheltered child of an ancient aristocracy, marching about the lawn of Schloss Schoenwoerth in tin armor, to an orator and street-fighter in the cause of the Weimar republic. His is one of those autobiographies which reviewers would label "greatly overdone" if presented as fiction; indeed, it contains all the ingredients for an exciting motion picture. As the narrative of one individual caught in the earthquake which shattered his civilization, it affords stirring glimpses of both that civilization and the earthquake. Written with spirit and charm, delightfully illustrated and carefully indexed, "Conquest of the Past" is a profoundly moving tale of our times.

Of the past which was later to be conquered, Prince Loewenstein recalls many memories, both gay and sorrowful. He recaptures with unusual zest the spirit of childhood, with all its games and dream-worlds and even ghosts, and laments the family discipline and class prejudices which warped his approach to life. His father, remote and austere, becomes the personification of the impoverished nobility, keeping up the pretenses of prestige and dismissing all opposition as "Bolshevism." These personal reminiscences reveal clearly the conflict of feudalism and industrialism throughout central Europe which even the World War did not wholly resolve.

To the American reader perhaps the most interesting chapters in the book are those which describe war-time Germany and Austria, slowly starving to death behind the Allied blockade. One cannot easily forget the portrait of this descendant of kings and emperors bargaining for food with his schoolmates and mending his shoes with lead foil from cigarette boxes. To realize the physical and mental effects of the World War upon children in Europe, especially in Germany, this reviewer (four years younger than the author) has only to contrast his own memories of the conflict—a childhood lark consisting of parades, war savings stamps, and the sacrifice of sugar for Mr. Hoover. The misery of the people and the complete demoralization of the nation are here so vividly portrayed that one becomes surprised that National Socialism did not gain full power long before 1933.

To tell of his activities in the Reichsbanner, Prince Loewenstein substitutes excerpts from his diary for the formal autobiography which brings his story down to October, 1930. Although lacking continuity and explanation of the confused background, these concluding pages present a stirring account of the downfall of free government in Germany. The inaction of the government and police, the violence provoked by the extremist parties, and the sense of strain and unrest are all pictured in sentences written between speeches, meetings, and bloodshed. The brutality of the armed mobs and the horrors of the Nazi torture chamber provide grim confirmation to the recent forebodings of Harold J. Laski, that "a new and long dark age lies before us through which we have to pass before a recovery of tolerance becomes again a possible adventure."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Elegant English

IN *American Speech*, which though sometimes wholly incomprehensible to us lowbrows is always the liveliest and usually the most interesting of the house-organs of the college literature business, Dr. J. M. Steadman, Jr., of Emory University, has an entertaining article on "affected and Effeminate Words." Not being able to spare time from *The New Masses*, we missed an earlier article which explained his procedure but he appears to have solicited from college students lists of words which they customarily avoid. His current report on two categories of taboo should comfort those who feel that there is still hope for youth, for it shows that the undergraduates, unlike the contributors to *PMLA*, have a natural feeling for style.

Dr. Steadman refuses to draw conclusions but remarks that naturalness and sincerity in language are better than the "genteelism" which the students are consciously trying to avoid. Some of his parentheses and annotations are open to question. Mr. James Truslow Adams, whom he quotes with approval, did indeed bay the full moon over our national vulgarity, in a well-known essay called "The Mucker Pose," but its thesis is open at both ends and in the middle and full of holes in between, and it need not be taken as statutory law. When Dr. Steadman says that *exquisite, sensibility, refinement, taste, culture, fastidiousness*, and "most words of this type are tinged with an unpleasant suggestion," in American speech, he has clearly outrun the facts. Of those six words the only one which commonly has an unpleasant suggestion is *culture*, and that connotation is soundly cultural for it implies false or ostentatious culture. He would also find it hard to prove that *high brow, ritzy, swanky*, and *high-hat* express "contempt for culture." The immediate and the most general connotation of the last three is not culture at all but snobbishness, and *highbrow* (surely it is one word) designates a false claim to culture as often as it implies resentment of culture.

Of the 194 words which undergraduates repudiate as affected, the most universally avoided are, in order, *limb* (for *leg*), *elegant, expectorate*, and *prevaricate*. One student says of the last, "offensive affectation; used humorously, the word is too stale to be effective," and another says of *expectorate*, "the use of this word discloses a feeling of sham or nasty-niceness." That is sound criticism and shows a sure feeling for style; the interesting thing is that the students are protesting against the vulgarity which Mr. Adams says is endemic among us. The same "sham" is perceived in the use of *ablution, authoress, cinema, desist, indisposed, mendacious, proboscis, weep*, and *whilst*; the same "nasty-niceness" in *boudoir, demise, élite, enceinte, hades* ("*Hell* or nothing," says one protestant), *hose, inebriated, mortician, osculate, pass away, tonsorial parlor*, and *trousers*. The appearance of that last word is surprising; *trousers* is not a euphemism like *bifurcations* or *unmentionables* but a specific differentiation like *breeches, pants*, and *drawers*. Otherwise both lists are admirable: *hose* is one of the lousiest words in the language, and the person who would say "ablution" or "demise" would wear on his watch-chain either a gold toothpick or a Phi Beta Kappa key welded to a Sigma Xi key. The undergraduates dislike and avoid pedantry, circumlocution, pretentiousness, euphemism, and Britticisms. They say "Who were you speaking to?" rather than "To whom were you speaking?" and they are right. Dr. Steadman says that they avoid "It is I" on the ground that it is affected, as it is, and says that they do not avoid "It is me" on the ground that it is ungrammatical. Our guess is that they do avoid "It is me" but on the ground that it is unidiomatic; they have good ears and a feeling for the nicety, precision, and rhythm of the English tongue. They say "It's me."

In short, the undergraduates treat these words exactly as a sensitive and skillful writer treats them. And of the 194 words which the undergraduates rightly regard as affected, there are at least twenty-five, from *abdomen* through *facetious* and *perspicuity* and *retire* (go to bed) to *umbrageous*, which at least forty percent of the college teachers of English in America are scrupulous to get into both their talk and their writing as far preferable to anything that could be substituted for them.

The list of forty-four words tabooed as effeminate is just as interesting and even more conclusive. It is surprising to find "shampoo my hair" regarded as effeminate; the verb may be genteel for *wash* but it is hardly in the same class with *adorable, darned* ("I prefer *damned*"), *gobs, gracious, naughty, precious*, and *sweet*. The rest of the list is unimpeachable, and one student writes, "I can never like anybody any more after he calls a *napkin* a *doily*."

Check.

U. S. One

IN *The American Magazine* a celebrated gastronome belligerently champions American cooking. Mr. Nero Wolfe, best known to you for his orchids and his ingenuity both within and without the law, dares to tell M. Jerome Berin, *chef de cuisine* at the Corridona of San Remo and inventor of *saucisse minuit*, that the *bouillabaisse* of Marseilles is mere belly-fodder compared with its namesake at New Orleans. That is a daring counter-offensive which he supports with other native dishes. And the American Guide Series allies itself with him by prefacing its "U. S. One" with nine pages of native cookery that should interest even the Wine and Food Society. It makes excellent reading, should reinforce anyone's patriotism, and make tourists out of the most sedentary. From pan dowdy in Maine to *arroz con pollo* in Florida it is a pungent catalogue.

The menu is a canny introduction to the guide. Much of the highway with which it deals is, as the editors say, "depressingly ugly, being characterized by hideous shacks, enormous signs, dumps, and raw cuts," and stimulation of the salivary glands may help to make those scoriae endurable. Nevertheless it is the most varied of all express roads and touches a greater diversity of interest than any other equivalent mileage in the United States. "U. S. One" is the most workmanlike product, so far, of the Writers' Project. It is more purely and more consistently a guidebook than any of its predecessors. It can be carried in the pocket and, more important, it can be used in the car. Its information is condensed and completely relevant. There are few of the sociological asides that, in certain other guides, seem to assume that tourists are principally interested in gathering material for theses in the social sciences. Space which the New England guides devoted to such matters is here filled with brief notes on local individualities of culture, folklore, legends, handicrafts, intellectual and economic history. That sort of thing is much more important to the tourist than unsupported and irrelevant generalizations. To get so much of it into so synoptic a volume is an editorial triumph.

Several functions of a guidebook remain unserved. The tourist can find out little about prices, little about alternative routes, and even less about ferry and train connections and the favorable times and seasons for visiting various places (though the calendar at the end is a useful innovation). Such factual minutiae are extremely important to the tourist and as yet the American Guide Series has ignored them. Perhaps no satisfactory treatment of them is possible, but a considerable improvement would result if the editors would admit that the prospective users of a guidebook are tourists, not students making a field trip.

B. DV.

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Letters to the Editor: *Tilting at the Shock Brigade*

Intensity and Shock

SIR:—I recently scanned an advertisement for Edmund Gilligan's "Boundary against Night," containing quotations from the critics. A series of vivid words exploded in my face—"Gusto"—"flaming passages"—"wild and beautifully undisciplined" . . . "violently interesting"—"nightmare intensity."

These quotations appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, which itself gave to this book a far more tempered reception. Intensity has gained such a firm hold as the greatest virtue any novel may possess that the voice of wisdom speaks in vain. What is the result? Writers are being pushed farther and farther into the brutal and savage in order to attract any attention at all from the New York literary critics. If a book does not explode gunpowder in their eyes, they say it has no power, no emotion.

"Boundary against Night," like the works of Wolfe, Faulkner, and Hemingway, has been received and publicized as if it had immortal value. Anyone who can step outside our times into the historical viewpoint should perceive that "Of Time and the River," "Sanctuary," and "A Farewell to Arms" are going to be forgotten. For the present these books attract attention because of their shock value and our desire to be shocked. Since that is what the public will buy, that is what the editors will print. Presumably that's their business, but this is no excuse for the frenzied enthusiasm the critics give to writers like John Steinbeck, Millen Brand, Edmund Gilligan, and James Cain, and withhold from writers who are not of this school.

Isn't it about time they stopped treating each new novel of this raw and sizzling type as though it deserved to rank with "Crime and Punishment"? Isn't it about time they recognized that the abovementioned writers have created no immortal three-dimensional characters, no sound moral interpretation of life (such as can be found in "Joseph in Egypt"), no passages of such immortal truth that they will live past these present times?

Come, ladies and gentlemen of the New York literary world, what is all your shooting for?

FITZROY K. DAVIS.

Evanston, Ill.

John Sherman

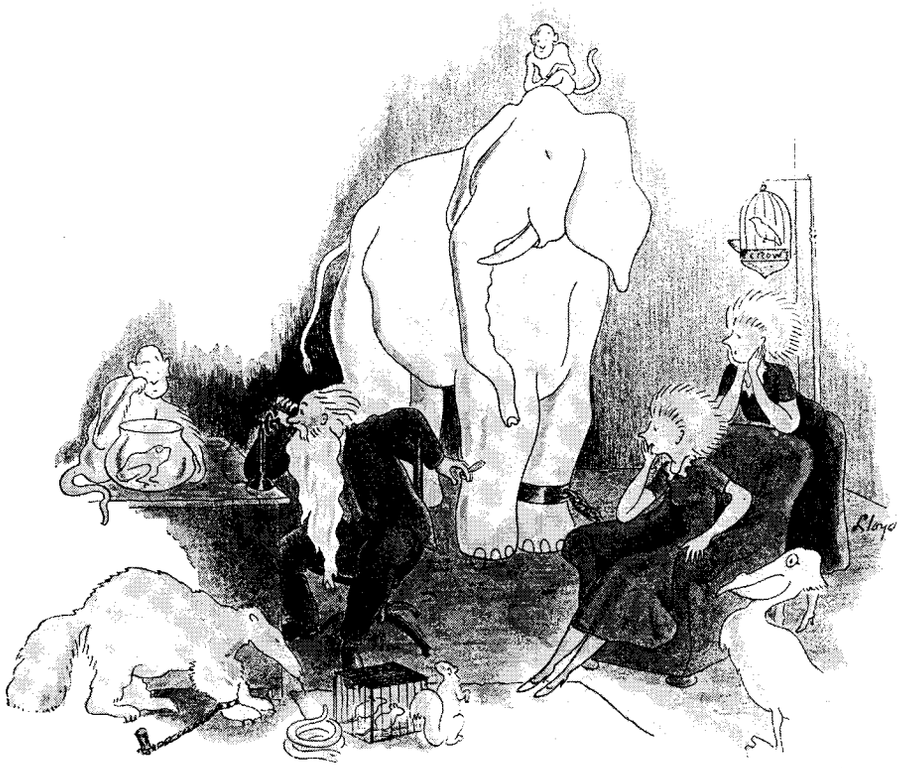
SIR:—In the Library of Congress, at Washington, D. C., is a collection of Sherman papers; but it is sadly lacking in letters written by the late John Sherman. Since he had thousands of correspondents scattered over the United States, many of his letters probably have been preserved in private hands. It is desired to borrow such letters, so that copies may be added to the collection permanently housed in the Library. Loans of letters are particularly desired at this time, because a biography of Senator Sherman is under preparation at the Library.

John Sherman was an important figure, and anyone who helps to preserve his letters contributes definitely to our national history.

It is hoped that through your columns all those who have letters signed by Sherman may be moved to send copies of them, accurately transcribed, to the Library of Congress for my attention. If originals are sent, they will be copied and returned immediately, or added to the preserved collection, according to the wish of the sender. This service to history and to the memory of Senator Sherman will be highly valued by historians. The project has the warm sympathy and cooperation of many members of the Sherman family, including Mr. P. Tecumseh Sherman of New York City and Mr. Henry S. Sherman of Cleveland, Ohio.

JEANNETTE P. NICHOLS.

The Library of Congress,
Washington, D. C.



"HELLO! *HOBBY MAGAZINE*? I HAVE AN IDEA FOR AN ARTICLE."

Wilson of the Antarctic

SIR:—The review of "Edward Wilson of the Antarctic" published last week is a splendid tribute to a great man. My attention was first called to the book by Robert E. Speer, long the senior secretary of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

In a chapel address, Dr. Speer told the story of Wilson's heroism with Scott at the South Pole, and later wrote me: "It is one of the noblest books that I have ever read." That is high praise from a man who knows men and books and who has had contacts with great Christians all over the world.

But I was surprised that the reviewer, "H. D.," did not note that the book he reviewed is an American edition of the biography published first in 1933 in London by John Murray. Nine reprintings of it were made abroad before 1936, and it is good to know that it is now being distributed in an American edition.

RICHMOND P. MILLER.

Friends' Central School,
Overbrook, Pa.

Will Carleton

SIR:—Mr. Quercus's remarks about "Graustark" embolden me to suggest that he read Will Carleton's "The Evil Eye," and see what our grandfathers admired. Will Carleton's sentimental poetry was plentifully reprinted in *Harper's Magazine* in the '80's,—the staggering episodes in his melodramatic novels are real "museum pieces." In the "Evil Eye" the high spot is the scene in which the outlaw hero comes upon his dying sweetheart. She has been seduced by the villain—the caster of the evil eye—and is dying in childbirth. She asks the hero to kiss her, but he draws himself up sternly and replies: "I may be an outlaw, but I will never touch the lips of a polluted woman." The scenes of the Rain of Blood, the thunderstorms, the fight of the hero, villain and four dogs, all treading water in a lake, the casting of the evil eye on all and sundry, I leave you to discover for yourself.

If anyone tells you about Anaïs Nin (your column Dec. 4/37) will you please pass on the news? "Trade Winds" is always a delight and a stimulus to thought.

LOUISE MANNY.

Newcastle, New Brunswick.

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Huxley at Forty-Three

An Interview by

ROSS PARMENTER

Disraeli

ALDOUS HUXLEY

IN Aldous Huxley's "Those Barren Leaves" a character candidly states: "I look forward to a placid middle age when, having finally quenched all the extravagant spiritual cravings, I shall be able to settle down in tranquillity to a life of the flesh."

Well, Mr. Huxley himself has reached middle age. But his protective layer of worldliness, instead of growing thicker and tougher, has grown paper-thin. The pricks of the world's folly, which formerly exhilarated him like violet ray sparks, have become intolerable goads. His spiritual cravings, far from dying out, have for the first time been stirred to fire. He has become a crusader.

I interviewed him recently, after he had spent seven months touring the United States by automobile. Far from being a self-assured, successful author, he struck me as one of the most troubled men I have ever met. He feels he must do something. Yet most of the common courses of action are out of the question. Despite his increasing mysticism, he has no intention of lapsing into the arms of Mother Rome. (His friend, T. S. Eliot, after twenty years remains a mystery to him.) And even if he could accept the main tenets of communism or fascism, which he can't, he feels "completely unsuited to political life." As for independent action, he has found himself with "no power to organize things and very bad on committees." And he is very unhappy when he has to make a speech. In fact, the speeches he has been called upon to give in the United States have made him miserable. He agreed to conduct some discussion groups, he explained, but he found himself faced with large audiences demanding regular lectures. "I would never have undertaken the job," he said, "if I had known what I had let myself in for."

If Mr. Huxley can't organize things, serve on committees, or address mass meetings, what is he to do about the dangerously encroaching and destructive ills of the world? He feels about writing as Edith Cavell felt about patriotism—that it is not enough.

Mr. Huxley himself made a more vivid impression on me than anything he said. He is a kind, gentle, soft-spoken, thoughtful man—entirely free from a sort of intellectual arrogance I expected to find. With his thick, heavy glasses on Mr. Huxley looks exactly like an intellectual as caricatured in one of Mr. Hearst's papers—tall, thin, and dressed in ill-assorted, loose, shapeless clothes. The impression is deepened when he reads for he holds the book almost touching his nose. But when he takes his glasses off, as he does in conversation, there is a transformation; the intellectual becomes a Byronic poet.

His thick black hair is changing ever so slightly to the color of iron filings and he wears it brushed straight back with no parting. He has a healthy, fresh English complexion, a smooth brow, a delicately sculptured nose, and a large well-shaped mouth; altogether, a finely-featured, open, sensitive face. Because of the weakness of his eyes he seldom looks directly at the person he is addressing. As we talked we sat in a secluded hotel writing-room. There was not much light, but most of the time he sat facing the wall to protect his eyes from the glare. When he turned towards me, he shielded his eye by resting his long-fingered, finely shaped hand on his eyebrow.

His body is a thing of two parts. From the waist up he is a man of average size, but his enormously long legs suggest those of a daddy longlegs spider. When he stands he seems to be on stilts. When he sits his legs bend out in front of him grotesquely; and he keeps shifting them, sometimes crossing them at the knees, sometimes twining them round each other, and sometimes unwinding them and resting one ankle on the knee of the other leg.

His voice, which is quiet and not extravagantly English, seldom varies in inflexion or volume. He gives the impression of being preoccupied. Mr. Huxley is not self-consciously brilliant at all; in fact, he delivered his bon mots so casually that I didn't realize how good many of them were until I had copied them down. Also, I had expected him to pontificate a bit, but he didn't. Much of the time he was uncertain, and, when he was sure of anything, he said it in a matter-of-fact voice which indicated that its obviousness was taken for granted. For example, quite casually he explained why censorship is so frequently demanded. "You can't," he said, "discuss any serious problem without offending some one."

"I have always aimed at the maximum translucency . . . at incisive clarity. I hate obscurity with such passion." (And the tone of his voice showed that he meant it.) "So often it just conceals dishonesty, and in many cases it serves to confuse the issue."

I questioned him on the three criticisms most frequently leveled against him—first, that he is heartless; second, that his books are too preoccupied with sex; and third, that he is more of an essayist than a novelist. To the first, he replied:

"I don't feel myself to be extremely heartless. But the impression is partly my fault. I have a literary theory that I must have a two-angled vision of all my characters. You know how closely farce and tragedy are related. That's because the comic and the tragic are the same thing seen from different angles. I try to get a stereoscopic vision, to show my characters from two angles simultaneously. Either I try to show them both as they feel themselves to be and as others feel them to be; or else I try to give two rather similar characters who throw light on each other, two characters who share the same element, but in one it is made grotesque."

I pressed him for an example. He held his hand to his eye, thought a moment,

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and then turned to me with an embarrassed half-laugh.

"You might not believe me," he said, "but I honestly can't remember the characters of my books."

I suggested the father and son of "Eyeless in Gaza." His face lightened; he agreed with me.

As for the second charge, that, as he pointed out, can be largely traced to the puritanism of his readers.

"The facts of life must be stated," he said. "They have got to be brought up into consciousness. The difficulty is how to state them without shocking people to such an extent that they will be oblivious to everything else. Take the case of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover.' Count the four letter words in that and what do you find? They form about two per cent of the book. Yet the average reader comes away with the impression that they form eighty per cent. It's frightfully important. One must state the facts. I think Crébillon and other eighteenth century French authors found the answer. They stated them in extraordinarily elegant language."

I then turned to the charge made against him by those of a more literary turn of mind—that he is more of an essayist than a novelist.

"Perhaps I am," was his answer. Like his other replies to criticisms, it was spoken without rancor and with full appreciation of the point of view of those who made it. In this case, as in the others, it happens that his point of view differs from that of his critics. He doesn't believe that the novel has any set form.

"It's like catch-as-catch-can wrestling," he said. "You can do what you can get away with. There aren't any divinely laid down canons of the novel. All you need is to be interesting."

Mr. Huxley was patient and considerate with me, but I had little feeling of personal contact. At the end, though, there was a sign. I asked him to autograph two books, one for a friend, the other for myself. In the friend's book he wrote only his name. Mine, a copy of "Proper Studies," already had "Christmas 1931" written on the fly-leaf. Under this he wrote his name, hesitated a moment, and then added "Christmas 1937." I may be wrong, but I sensed that the addition was his way of acknowledging the admiration which I had shown for his work. It was the gesture of a shy man.

I asked him one last question. Why did he pay so little attention to the landscape of his native England when in "Those Barren Leaves" and his early short stories he had described the landscape of Italy so carefully and so lovingly?

"I was interested in describing landscapes then," he replied. His tone showed that he had long since lost that interest. The clouds of war, poverty, and hatred which hang over his mind have darkened the lovely Italian landscape forever.

Mr. Parmenter is on the staff of the New York Times.

Flint and Fire

A POET'S LIFE: Seventy Years In A Changing World. By Harriet Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by BURTON RASCOE

THE legend is finally laid in this posthumous autobiography about the first recital of "The Columbian Ode." All the histories have it that Miss Monroe recited the poem herself. In many a book of reminiscence, the picture is repainted: Miss Monroe, a fragile but incredibly beautiful child poetess, only eighteen years old, dressed all in white, so exalted and inspired by the occasion that her every syllable with all its poetic subtlety of intonation was wafted clearly and distinctly across the far reaches of that vast open-air assembly.

Miss Monroe was thirty-two years old,

Loomis & Powes

HARRIET MONROE IN 1892

not eighteen, at the time; she wrote the poem, but on that Dedication day, Friday, October 21, 1892 (which preceded by seven months the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago), the ode was recited by Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, an actress six feet tall with a voice of great carrying power, who had been summoned from New York for the purpose. The "Columbian Ode" was not, as many have supposed and said, the winning poem in a competition. Charles T. Yerkes was the Charles G. ("Hell and Maria") Dawes of *that* Chicago World's Fair. Dreiser measured him in "The Financier" and "The Titan." He was a formidable man. He had a way of getting in on the finances of anything, so he was in on the finances of the World's Columbian Exposition. Miss Monroe, who would have looked like a Fragonard miniature if Fragonard had done miniatures, walked into the office of Mr. Yerkes and said, in the language she learned at Visitation Convent in Georgetown, which, when translated means, "Look here, you big bozo. This show you are getting up to distract attention from the smell of the stockyards is supposed to make culture hum in Chicago, isn't it? All right, you have laid out money and made provisions for everything, haven't you? From some of the prize monstrosities in lath-and-plaster architecture to hoochie-coochie dancers? What you need is a poem, an ode, written by a native-born Chicagoan. That will give class to your circus. And I am just the little gal to write it. It will cost you a thousand bucks. Put it up to your committee. Good day!"

These ruthless financiers, like Yerkes, have an immense respect and fear for a woman (or almost anybody) who can read and write—if she speaks up. She got the job. And now the things best remembered about the World's Columbian Exposition are "Little Egypt," "The Columbian Ode," and something that isn't so—the recital of the ode by Miss Monroe herself.

Miss Monroe was christened Hattie, as being the nearest approach to Henry, which was the name her father had chosen for her if she had been born a boy, as he hoped she would. Harriet was her own idea, and, I think, a better one.

She was a fine creative spirit; her soul was of flint and fire; she had humor, courage, audacity, and she would fight anybody, for the sake of her principles, at the drop of the hat. She was the onlie begetter of the Poetic Renaissance in America, and by winning a copyright infringement suit (a suit bitterly fought but, when won, it established a new and important legal protection for writers in the property rights of the products of their brains) was able to establish *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* (solvency first guaranteed by Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, biographer of Molière and Goldoni), in which appeared the work of every poet, English, Irish, or American of even minor importance in our time.

With her magazine Miss Monroe stirred up many winds of controversy. She was reviled by the eternally sedulous apes of dead poetic tradition. She gave the dodos duck fits. And she enjoyed nothing more than doing this, because she knew a poem when she saw it and she dared print it even if it was by some one unheard of such as Edgar Lee Masters, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Arthur Ficke, Ezra Pound, John Hall Wheelock, John Mase-

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field, Lascelles Abercrombie, or only faintly heard-of, such as Edwin Arlington Robinson and William Butler Yeats.

She lived an interesting, creative, sometimes tempestuous, much-traveled, seventy-six years of life on very little money, and died the death any poet might envy: on an excursion to the Inca ruins at Cuzco in Peru, she insisted, at her age, that she was capable of the ascent on foot. The altitude and exertion hit her heart. Born in Chicago, inspirer of genius, perhaps a genius herself, valiant sponsor and fighter for the poetic principle in life, she died in the high Andes.

Unfortunately her autobiography is, I fear, only a "source book." Perhaps it was begun too late. The narrative is without verve or color; she had met nearly everybody in the world of arts and letters, but she had forgotten what they were like. Occasionally she used a happy descriptive phrase, like "the somewhat battered physical beauty of George Sterling," but, in the main, the book is static and tedious. It will be consulted rather than read—for items of information such as, for example, that Joyce Kilmer got six dollars for "Trees" from Miss Monroe, that being the price he set on it. Kilmer was a poet who prided himself on having a hard business head.

Moments of Life

A PURSE OF COPPERS. By Sean O'Faolain. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SIMONDS

THIS new book of Mr. O'Faolain's is a collection of "moments of life" rather than of short stories. The Ireland from which they are drawn is neither that of the traditional jolly rogue with the ready tongue, nor that of the traditional soft-voiced book; it is that slatternly, decaying, infuriating, and yet charming Ireland of which Buck Mulligan, in "Ulysses," speaks so bitterly. The people are the wrecks of a "broken world." They have talents which elsewhere would guarantee them respect and self-respect; here they are shadows.

Even men of genius cannot escape the gentle corruption; they too are caught as in an invisible spider web, enmeshed in the inertia of the provincial, which is the regional without hope. They seek one another out, these bored souls, and "feed on one another without pleasure, like leeches."

Though the characters are carefully and deftly drawn, it is this broken world itself which principally emerges from the book. Only Pat Lenihan, the born genius "whose life like all the others, came to nothing," is likely to be remembered as a person. For the rest, it is the mood that persists, compounded of the smells of stale beer and peat smoke, the look of the Georgian mansions subtly turned slum, and, above all, the luxurious misery of an unrebellious self-pity.

Duhamel's Family Chronicle

THE PASQUIER CHRONICLES. By Georges Duhamel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1938. $3.50.

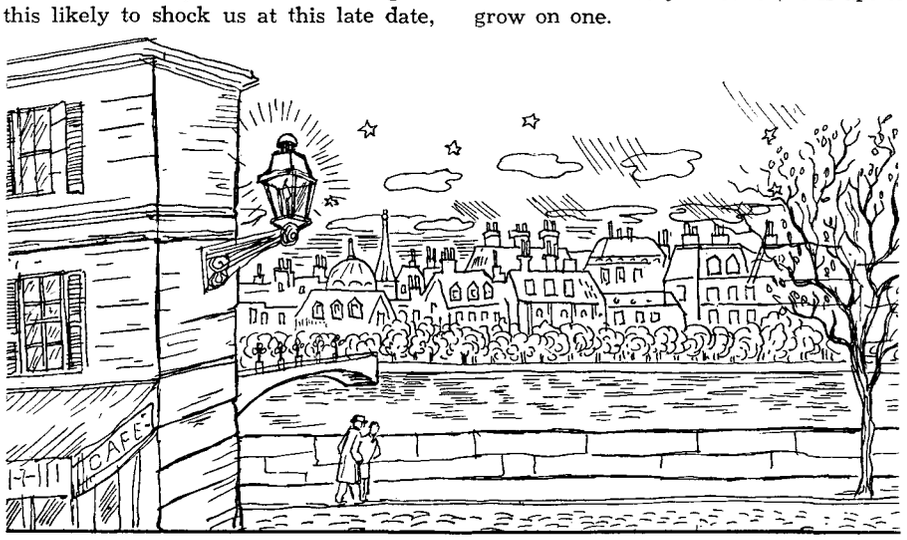
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

EVER since the war, Georges Duhamel has been steadily turning out a volume of work respectable both in quantity and quality, and including all the usual forms: fiction, drama, essays, criticism, what the French call *reportages*, and even a poem or two. He has never known sensational success, nor attracted much attention outside France save for a brief moment in 1931 when he wrote a few harsh words about America which offended the more sensitive local patriots. But his career has been a triumph of literary diplomacy, for he has succeeded in keeping in the good graces of the liberal critics of such groups as the *Nouvelle Revue Française* without offending their more conservative colleagues. As a reward, he was elected to the Academy in 1935, and welcomed under the celebrated cupola by M. Henry Bordeaux in unusually flattering terms. Even if his work never quite sets the Seine on fire, it is safe to say that his is a first-rate reputation in France today.

"The Pasquier Chronicles" contains a new English translation in one volume of all five parts of Duhamel's best known work of fiction. Strictly speaking, only a third of the book is new in English, the rest having been published in another translation some years ago. At that time this delightfully penetrating study of family life received scant notice in America, probably because, though superlatively French, it lacks the exotic atmosphere still demanded by many American readers from foreign books. The two main themes are universal: money troubles in our everyday life, and the philanderings of a debonair, incorrigible *père de famille*—M. Duhamel's best character creation, incidentally. There is nothing in this likely to shock us at this late date, though it is apparent that men manage these things better in France than here, where Mme. Pasquier would have been in Reno before the end of the first volume. And there are many other themes of interest in the story—Joseph's business activities, Cécile's unusually believable musical gift, the effect of recurrent family crises on young Laurent. No one who reads through the book will be likely to deny that they are well studied.

Unfortunately, the two new portions of the story do not contribute anything calculated to rally readers to M. Duhamel's book. A moderately effective picture of Joseph grown rich and entertaining his family at a new château occupies most of "La Nuit de la St. Jean," with a few romantic complications added for good measure. The final section is devoted to Laurent's attempt, with his friend Justin Weill, to set up a minor Utopia of the arts in a Paris suburb. This material is not of great interest to American readers, and it is disappointing to find the Pasquiers in the background throughout. There are signs that the author has not yet finished his saga, however, and no doubt these episodes will eventually fall into place.

The entire cycle constitutes an excellent picture of French middle-class life and character, but it is not full of obvious glamor, nor in any way strange to us. Its very Frenchness is at once its strength and, from our standpoint, its weakness. Those who expect pepper from Gallic pens will of course be disappointed in a book mostly given up to sober descriptions of a perfectly nice housewife worrying about family finances and the escapades of her husband. But for those who are inclined to wonder about the home life of people glimpsed in the charging omnibuses or leisurely Métro trains of Paris, M. Duhamel should be required reading. The flavor of his work may not appeal to the American palate at once, but like that of chicory in coffee, it is apt to grow on one.



FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "THE PASQUIER CHRONICLES"

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Home of Lost Causes

A MIRROR TO GENEVA. By George Slocombe. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by
PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

THIS new book by the author of "The Tumult and the Shouting" will be of considerable interest to American readers who want to know how that American child, the League of Nations, developed after having been deserted by its legitimate parent.

Mr. Slocombe has known all the greater and lesser figures of post-war politics, and in his book re-enacts the great drama of the last twenty years, the end of which is not yet written.

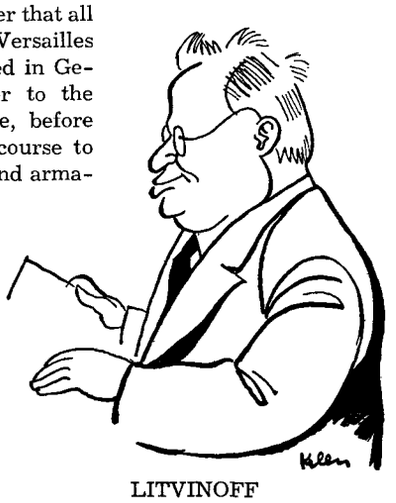
After the death of millions and the international anarchy of the World War, it seemed for a time that humanity had finally realized the necessity of a new unity for which the best in all nations had longed. As far back as 1795, the greatest German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, had outlined a world republic of constitutionally governed states to insure peace and justice for all. He had emphasized that, as long as irresponsible rulers were in power, the danger of war would always exist, and that respect for the constitution and administration of other states was a premise to sound national and international life.

Nevertheless, a "prophet"—as Mr. Slocombe calls Woodrow Wilson—from across the seas was needed to bring back to the Old World, where it had once originated, the gospel of universal brotherhood. In spite of the deep respect which Mr. Slocombe pays to the founder of the League, he spares no words to deplore Mr. Wilson's surrender to the demands of France by which the ex-enemy powers were to be excluded from the privileges of the new faith. Where a new order of universality was to be created, the Covenant became an integral part of the treaty of Versailles which Germany had to accept at pistol's point.

BRIAND

How the League, in spite of its early disloyalty to its principles, rose to be the instrument of world conscience, is the most valuable theme developed in Mr. Slocombe's book. Once again the great figures of the new order, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Aristide Briand, and Dr. Gustav Stresemann are conjured up—that unique triumvirate of which the partners had been separated by origin and political upbringing until they joined hands for a common goal. Under their leadership, Poincaré's Ruhr invasion—worse than a crime, a blunder—was liquidated, and when Germany in 1926 finally joined the League, a new Europe seemed at hand. Stresemann's conception of a new era, laid down in the Locarno treaty, where international arbitration was to replace guns and poison gas, would have been impossible without the League.

One does well remember that all essential parts of the Versailles treaty had been abolished in Geneva, that ante-chamber to the United States of Europe, before the world again had recourse to the policy of blackmail and armament race.



LITVINOFF

Mr. Slocombe is well acquainted with the atmosphere in the Geneva couloirs and conference rooms. Herriot and the late Ramsay MacDonald, who after the Ruhr adventure had been the Castor and Pollux of the new sky dawning over Europe, are not less familiar to him than President Benes, "the Statesman of Europe," or General Smuts of South Africa, the eternal optimist, still optimistic years later, when the National Socialists had scrapped much of the work of Geneva.

I liked also Slocombe's description of Litvinoff, who in 1927 proposed the abolition of all armies, navies, and air forces. And of Laval, the man whose knowledge of Abyssinia was no compliment to the geography taught in French schools. Or was it not only his geography? I remember the Abyssinian delegate who stayed with me at the Hotel de Russie in Geneva and who would, if it had been possible, have grown paler as each day passed that he could not reach the French delegation over the telephone—their line being too busy with calls from Mussolini.

We do not know yet whether Mr. Slocombe's "Mirror to Geneva" is the final reflection of an irreparable failure and the interlude between two wars. At the very moment, Mr. Slocombe says, when the League had moved into its new palace and the Council took seats under the heroic compositions of the great Spanish muralist Sert, showing the liberation of mankind from tyranny, intolerance, and injustice, General Franco was beginning his long assault against the Republicans of Madrid and the legions of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy were being landed in the ports of Spain.

Centuries seem to have elapsed between the period covered in the earlier chapters of the book and our own day, when the name of Stresemann, the liberator of Germany from foreign troops, is defamed in his native country.

Yet, says Mr. Slocombe, and I agree with him, though the heroic days of the League have passed, there is still some hope. The peoples are represented there, a vast and invisible audience. The very fact that the air of Geneva enables four to five hundred journalists from all countries to exchange their views, makes Geneva still a factor of world importance. Their voice affords a comparative protection to the small nations, and the day may yet dawn when it is felt again that the security of the world is proportional to the security the world gives to the smallest among its countries.

Geneva, like Oxford, Mr. Slocombe thinks, has become the home of lost causes. But can a cause be entirely lost which is founded on the idea of organized humanity, the only conceivable basis of a future to follow after the present nightmare of general lawlessness has been overcome?

Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein, a prominent German exile now in this country, has just published his autobiography under the title, "Conquest of the Past" (reviewed on page 7).

Spring at College

By HELENE MAGARET

OH merrily the redbirds sing,
And merry is the lark!
Put on your Sunday suit and bring
Your Phyllis to the park.

For everywhere the lovers now
Are sprouting with the grass,
And lazy catkins on the bough
Lean down to watch them pass.

Goodbye, my friend! May one romance
And spring do you no harm,
With all the young ones out to dance
And Phyllis on your arm.

But as for me . . . I do not care.
I'll take my book and say
Five conjugations, lest I hear
The music down the way.

If anyone should ask you why,
The seventh time this week
Be friend enough to tell a lie
And say, "He's learning Greek."

But if you see her, take her hands
And move some paces off,
And whisper, "No one understands
How sick he is with love."

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

"SPRING'S almost here," said the teller at the bank.

"Haven't heard the frogs yet," I replied.

He was sincerely puzzled, and asked what I meant. I explained about the annual chorus in country ponds and hollows; my friend was evidently amazed.

"Well, that's something I never heard of," he said. "I've lived in town all my life."

I never had a sharper reminder of the number of quite different worlds there are.

I wanted to say that there were some other kinds of frogs with which he was much more familiar than I; he had a whole drawerfull right under his hand; but the man next in line was getting impatient.

The hylas seem to be late this year, but all the other spring symptoms have come along in due course. There have been the bluebirds, and cartons of young chicks peeping at the P. O., and the Income Tax; and, I suppose it's just an eccentricity of my own, the hankering to walk across the Bridge in a clear noontime and see if Brooklyn is still there.

We were speaking not long ago of Stevenson's *The Wrecker*. It always amuses me to remember that the humorous episode in that story of the Muskegon State Capitol, and the statuary contract that sent the young man to study art in Paris, were suggested by the history of Brooklyn Borough Hall. This was told us years ago by Stevenson's great friend the late Will H. Low.

Brooklyn of course makes one think of Walt Whitman. In a visit lately to Mr. Milton Einstein's remarkable collection of Waltiana, I was delighted by an old Sarony photo of Whitman's little sitting-room on Mickle Street, Camden, in its heyday of untidiness and litter, some time in the later 80's. Among the piles of stuff heaped round the room, including the old Worcester's Dictionary that collaborated so much with Walt, were two items which I was able to identify with a magnifying glass. One was *Lippincott's Magazine*, and the other a copy of *The Long Islander*. I thought it touching that the old man should have kept up the connection with the little country sheet for which he had written fifty years before.

I suppose *The Long Islander* still goes on (I haven't seen it for some time). If so, this is its centennial year and it deserves a salute from all lovers of Whitman.

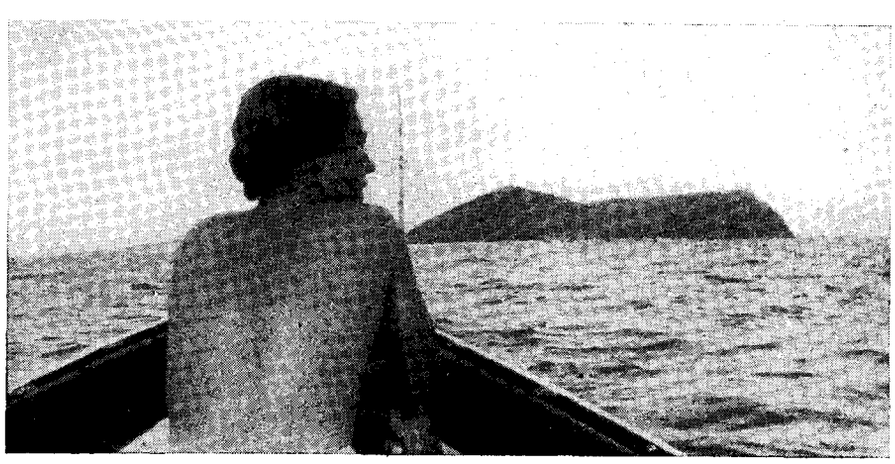
I used to be annoyed by miscellaneous advertising impinging upon my reveries in public places. But I have learned to turn necessity to glorious gain. Rare indeed is the car-card or outdoor sign that gives me the slightest impulse to buy what it recommends. But often they suggest something quite different which is good for meditation. The brunette ladies in very short shorts who cry (on behalf of Golden Hair Wash) "Excess hair stubble doesn't bother me" always make me think of Walt Whitman. It didn't him either.

Dead Man's Chest

The Bowling Green printed some discussion (about three years ago) on the identification of the "Dead Man's Chest" of *Treasure Island* renown. Mr. Vincent Starrett, harking back to Surgeon Waller's *Voyage in the West Indies* (1820) offered Caja de Muertos island (off Ponce, Puerto Rico) as a probability. But now our faithful subscriber R. W., who lives on Marina Cay, British Virgin Islands, suggests another which is near Tortola.

He writes:—

"I'm sending you a photograph which includes R's back and the authentic Dead Man's Chest which lies some three miles from here. At any rate, Dead Man's Chest is—except on very calm days—practically impossible to land on. We took our *Snipe* over there once and almost lost her trying to get ashore. The name, which has been for some stupid reason changed by the Hydrographic Office (but not the British Admiralty) to Dead Chest, was first mentioned, I think, by Père Labat in his *Nouveau Voyage aux Iles de L'Amerique*, and again by Jeafferson, *Young Squire of the 17th Century*. Why it's named that I don't know, for, as you can see from the picture, it looks more like a dead woman's chest. But perhaps it reminded the old boys of the type of Spanish coffin with a sort of cowling over the forepart for gazing at the late deceased. At any rate, Tortola was first colonized by English buccaneers in the 1600's and they were, to say the least, original and practical with their place names. Marina Cay is mentioned in history books as a hideout for buccaneers and pirates and was used only for careening and ducking heavy weather. It forms part of Privateer's Bay."



DEAD MAN'S CHEST (BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS)

Maritime Department

SIR:—I've recently dropped in to New York by way of the British West Indies to run full tilt into the old story of the *Jeannette* Arctic Expedition, which I knew in youth but haven't thought about for years. Commander Ellsberg has just done a fictional rewrite of it. I didn't like it. You did. That is because you don't know the splendid source material of the expedition, which Commander Ellsberg speaks of as merely "sketchy and conventional," although he derives the main part of his book from it.

But my chief idea in writing you is to celebrate the art of seamanship, which is a rare art, rapidly falling these days into the category of the forgotten, and one so simple and human that it defies sophisticated definition, as always is true of arts driven against the lee shore of reality.

The real hero among the survivors of the *Jeannette* Expedition was Seaman Herbert Leach of Penobscot, Maine. Three boats finally left the ice and took to the water after the *Jeannette* was crushed, striking out for the Lena Delta in northern Siberia, a hundred miles away. A storm came up, Lieutenant Chipp's boat with eight men was swamped, and the other two boats were separated. De Long's boat reached the land in an inaccessible part of the delta, and all her complement of fourteen but two who were sent on ahead perished of cold and starvation under desperate circumstances.

Melville's boat, the whaleboat, with a company of eleven, came through and all

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were saved. The reasons she came through were, first of all, because she was a whaleboat; second, because Lieutenant Danenhower, who was a seaman though nearly blind at the time, took over the command in the crisis from Engineer Melville, who knew little about boats; and third and most important, because Seaman Leach, who knew all about boats, steered for fourteen hours during the storm while his feet and legs slowly froze under him.

But the sufferings of the survivors weren't by any means ended when they reached the land; the story of their wanderings before they got back to civilization makes heart-breaking reading. It was many months later, at Irkutsk, over two thousand miles from where they had landed, that they first heard from home and friends. At that time Seaman Leach wrote a letter to his mother in Penobscot, Maine, which bears close analysis as a piece of good seamanship and English composition. Here it is:

"My dear Mother: Your welcome letter came to hand last night. I was at a party, enjoying myself as well as possible for me to do here, when one of the boys came running in and gave me nine letters from home. Oh, mother, you should have seen me dance around the room. The young ladies all thought I was crazy. They were about right. After nearly three years without hearing a single word from home, the news, when it did come, quite upset me. Well, I will try to give an account of myself. I will begin at the beginning.

"After passing through Bering's Strait we stood north until we struck the ice. We ran into it and it closed around us. We had thirty-three of the best boys on board that ever walked a ship's deck. Poor fellows! only thirteen are left to tell the sad tale. After getting into the ice we made preparations to spend the winter, expecting to get out the following summer. We spent the winter very pleasantly—had theatricals Christmas and New Year. . . .

"We laid in the ice until June, when our ship (our home) was taken from us. Then our hardships began. Oh, mother, you can have no idea of what we went through. When I look back it seems more like a strange dream than a reality. But it is over now, and we that pulled through are safe. About eight days before we reached the coast we encountered a heavy gale, which nearly put an end to our sufferings. When it commenced to blow the lieutenant put me at the helm. It was very cold, and the boat was nearly full of water all the time, in spite of the men's bailing for dear life. I sat at the helm about fourteen hours before the wind abated enough for me to be relieved. When the time came I rose up and fell flat into the bottom of the boat. My feet were frozen stiff, and my legs were chilled up to my body so badly that I think they could have been taken off without my feeling it.

"When we got ashore I was in a tight fix. I could not walk, and was in such pain, and my feet had begun to putrefy. Bartlett, one of the men, took a knife and cut out the corrupt places, and cut about half of one of my great toes off, leaving half an inch of the bone sticking out of the end. About a month ago I found a doctor who took it off. It troubles me to walk now, and I think that it will for some time.

"Guess I have written enough about my trials; I will tell you something about the people I find here at Irkutsk. The ladies here call me the savior—they have heard about the boat scrape. We are received by the best families in town. They seem to think it a feather in their caps to have the Americans call on them. I make myself as agreeable as possible. The life is not altogether crushed out of me if I am a little run down. . . .

HERBERT."

I call that the letter of a fine young man; I like the tang of it, and the Maine lingo.

But do get a copy of Melville's *In the Lena Delta*, if you want a first hand account of what went on. You will find it prime reading, and surprisingly like Ellsberg's narrative. And follow it up with Danenhower's *Narrative of the Jeannette*,

A new novel by

CONCERT PITCH

Elliot Paul

author of

The LIFE and DEATH of a SPANISH TOWN

A story with several themes, arranged like counterpoint in music: the losing battle of music in a world of physical action and revolutionary change; the desperate struggle of a young pianist to find himself; the love story of the pianist's mother and a critic; the decadence and downfall of a whole segment of the musical world which has lived, since the War, completely immured from the forces of modern life. The author has put into it not only his wide knowledge of music but his understanding of people; it contains some of his most memorable writing.

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

$2.50

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and *The Voyage of the Jeannette* in two volumes, edited by Mrs. De Long, and Newcomb's *Our Lost Explorers*. Then if you want to run through the Congressional Investigation (1,000 pages), and the Naval Investigation (500 pages), you won't have to get your Congressman to delve into secret records, as Commander Ellsberg did; I can give you copies from the shelf of a private library in New York, or you can go to any Public Library, or you can send to the Superintendent of Documents in Washington and buy them for a nominal sum.

Honestly, don't you think this business of fictionalizing our classics of adventure and exploration, under the assumption of scholarship, is getting a little raw? Why not read the classics themselves?

LINCOLN COLCORD.

Editor's Note

I think Mr. Colcord is a little severe. True that I haven't read the original accounts of the *Jeannette* expedition (to which Commander Ellsberg pays proper respect in his preface)—but that does not lessen my gratitude to him for making a heroic story available to a new generation, and in the perspective that only time permits. No one made any protest when Nordhoff and Hall reworked the old *Bounty* material into a new narrative. I found Commander Ellsberg's book moving and thrilling, and well capable of sailing under its own steam and canvas.

The first book to explore the twilight zone between heredity and environment

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Season of Birth

ITS RELATION TO HUMAN ABILITIES

By Ellsworth Huntington, Ph.D.

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Biologists have long suspected that man, like other animals, has a definite season of reproduction. Dr. Huntington shows not only that such a rhythm undoubtedly exists, but that it is intimately dependent on the weather and has a potent effect upon our lives. He believes that a knowledge of season of birth and its climatic conditions may have a profound effect in altering our habits, adding strength to future generations and causing a shift of population from one climate to another. An absorbing book.

$3.50

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JOHN WILEY & SONS, INC.
440 Fourth Avenue New York

The Cornish Land

HARVEST OF THE MOOR. By Margaret Leigh. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ALLEN SMART

MARGARET LEIGH is a Wessex woman now in her forties, formerly a classical don, who in 1925, with a brother about half her age, became a farmer in the Western Highlands. (I have not been able to get a copy of "Highland Homespun," her record of that adventure.) In 1935, she was forced to move, and after a long and difficult search, she found and rented a forty-acre farm called Trenoweth, near Bodmin Moor in Cornwall. "Harvest of the Moor" is a record of life at Trenoweth.

Now I am given pause by the fact that to this book I bring the special interest and standards of a "remington rancher" in Ohio. Our earth, weather, animals, crops, tools, neighbors, and language all differ in many respects from those of Miss Leigh in Cornwall, but the basic activities and problems are the same, and this book arouses in me such keen personal interest and admiration that I am quite unable to approach it as a general reader—if there is such a thing. All I can say is that to one in a situation similar to Miss Leigh's, her life seems wonderfully forceful and intelligent, and her book invaluable.

The point of this life and of this book is the actual work of farming. Shrewdly, but almost in disdain, the author merely glances at economic problems in general, at the uses of science and art, and at her brother, her hired help, and her neighbors. She indulges in a little strong, somber philosophy, but not in much. She is finely sensitive to landscape and weather as such, but she never forgets their practical uses and dangers. Her whole subject is work, the hard, unending work of getting hay and grain from the soil into cows and sheep, meat, wool, and milk to market, manure back to the soil, and possibly a little money into the bank. About the kinds and uses of farms, the marketing of milk, the use of moorland, the breeding and care of Guernseys, Cheviots, and hogs, the vagaries of horses, turf-cutting, hay-making in wet weather, and a thousand other matters, she offers very solid, first-hand knowledge, won from experience not always bitter.

Almost despite herself, there emerges a portrait of the author. She is too complex and interesting for a second-hand sketch, but I may say that she is keen, reticent, practical with a vengeance, and, though living largely on nerves, indomitable. She is almost ashamed of her memories of Greek, and there seems to me some danger that she may be losing humor, bravado, and even charity in her passionate and successful effort to become a first-class yeoman. But this is perhaps too easy to say from so great a distance.

Indeed, I for one would much rather try to farm in Ohio than in Cornwall. We have droughts and floods and other devils of our own, but we have warmer people, wider horizons, a wilder, shorter past, and—I feel as I think of the rocks, winds, and malice of Cornwall—a brighter future.

Charles Allen Smart is the author of the recently published "R. F. D.," an account of his experiences on an Ohio farm.

Brilliant Stabs at Truth

LIFE ALONG THE PASSAIC RIVER. By William Carlos Williams. Norfolk: New Directions. 1938. $1.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THESE collected sketches are not short stories in the accepted sense, nor is there in fact any collective term to convey their special quality. They are stabs, brilliant and inspired, at truth. Their writer is a man whose aim it is, just as it was fifteen years ago when he pioneered in expressionist poetry, to catch in mid-air the gleaming, immediate spark of life and hold it in the gleaming, immediate word. His work is supremely evocative, as close to experience itself as writing can be. That is because it is not literature he is after but expression; and when he hits the mark his expression is the best kind of literature. Reading along, you will discover that Williams has scarcely any concern with plot or background in traditional development. As doctor and poet at once he has eyes, ears, mind, for only the more basic experiences, unadorned and unstylized: death, pain, force, tenderness, lust, exaltation, the vital moments. A sketch like "The Use of Force" may be only five pages long, devoted to a remarkably illuminating description of forcing a spoon between a child's teeth. Or "A Face of Stone," a little longer, brings to us, almost unwillingly, because the two characters cannot state it and the writer will not, an overpowering sense of tenderness between man and wife. There are more ambitious stories, like that which gives the volume its title.

In all of them we can see in simple play those literary powers which had fuller expression in "White Mule," Williams's novel of last year. Here they seem to be exercised in experimental fashion, as though Williams were seeking to test them for new uses, or to discover their limits. Sometimes the result is a failure. "The Cold World," for instance, simply doesn't come off. You can just see the objective, and wonder what he left out. "Second Marriage" and "The Right Thing" seem to be fragments. But every one of these is exciting and important. They mark the steady tempering and whetting of a talent that has long been one of the finest our writing affords; perhaps this volume will impel some readers to search out "White Mule," a first rate American novel.

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An Actor's Life

BACKSTAGE WITH HENRY MILLER. By Frank P. Morse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN ANDERSON

UNLESS the lifetime of an actor falls athwart the theatre at a significant moment—a moment of inner or outer upheaval—it is likely to be of only transient interest, largely sentimental, after the actor's death. This is especially true when the actor himself has failed to set down his own record with a personal imprint, but left the task to others. At the outset "Backstage with Henry Miller" labors under three handicaps. Mr. Miller's career hardly touched the post-war period when the American theatre began to emerge in its own rights. He had not the time, or presumably the inclination, to write the story of his own life, so that we get it at second hand, a dozen years after its close, through the eyes of an intimate associate, and finally Mr. Miller, in spite of many admirable qualities, did not have that peculiar personal incandescence (except in frequent fits of temper) which makes a man's life illuminate his times, whatever they were, and however he lived them.

What Henry Miller's life needed, to give it some present and enduring point, was appraisal, which, in so far as he was an important actor in his time, means criticism. Otherwise there is no special pertinence in telling the story, so similar to most acting careers that it seems to be a standard Alger outline with different names inserted. There is invariably the early struggle, perhaps family objection, those shocking moments of dire poverty and distress, the unexpected break, and finally triumph. It can be written with the eyes closed—and most of the other senses in abeyance.

This is what Mr. Morse has done for Mr. Miller, and done in all generosity of spirit and fond recollection. But it is by no means enough. Henry Miller deserved much more than the easy-going affability of post-mortem press agentry. He was a stormy and picturesque man, not great, but dominant, and his life takes on some importance to theatrical history in the fact that he did oppose the Belasco school of stagecraft in a decently modern regard for the play itself, that he resisted the actors' strike, that he encouraged the best native writers he could find, and that he was the last of the really celebrated actor-managers in this country. For these things he merits a milestone if not a monument, yet they are scarcely mentioned.

To show this picture requires a penetration beyond the surface trivia of an active lifetime. It needs more cogent material, out of the biographer, not the subject, than gossipy conversations at midnight, faintly pointless anecdotes of towering rage, stories of his split with Charles Frohman, and details of producing plays that were famous hits in their time, but which inevitably lose in retrospect the qualities of contemporary excitement.

Nor has Mr. Morse missed merely the deeper aspects of his subject. To pump up interest in Henry Miller's hairbreadth escapes from the consequences of a reckless temperament Mr. Morse has skipped about in the material and so lost chronological sequence. While this is not necessarily a bad method, it has the effect of depriving the narrative of the headlong character so typical of the man himself. Henry Miller plunged through the theatre, and Mr. Morse reduces that spectacular gesture to a wading expedition, and makes it somehow rather tepid.

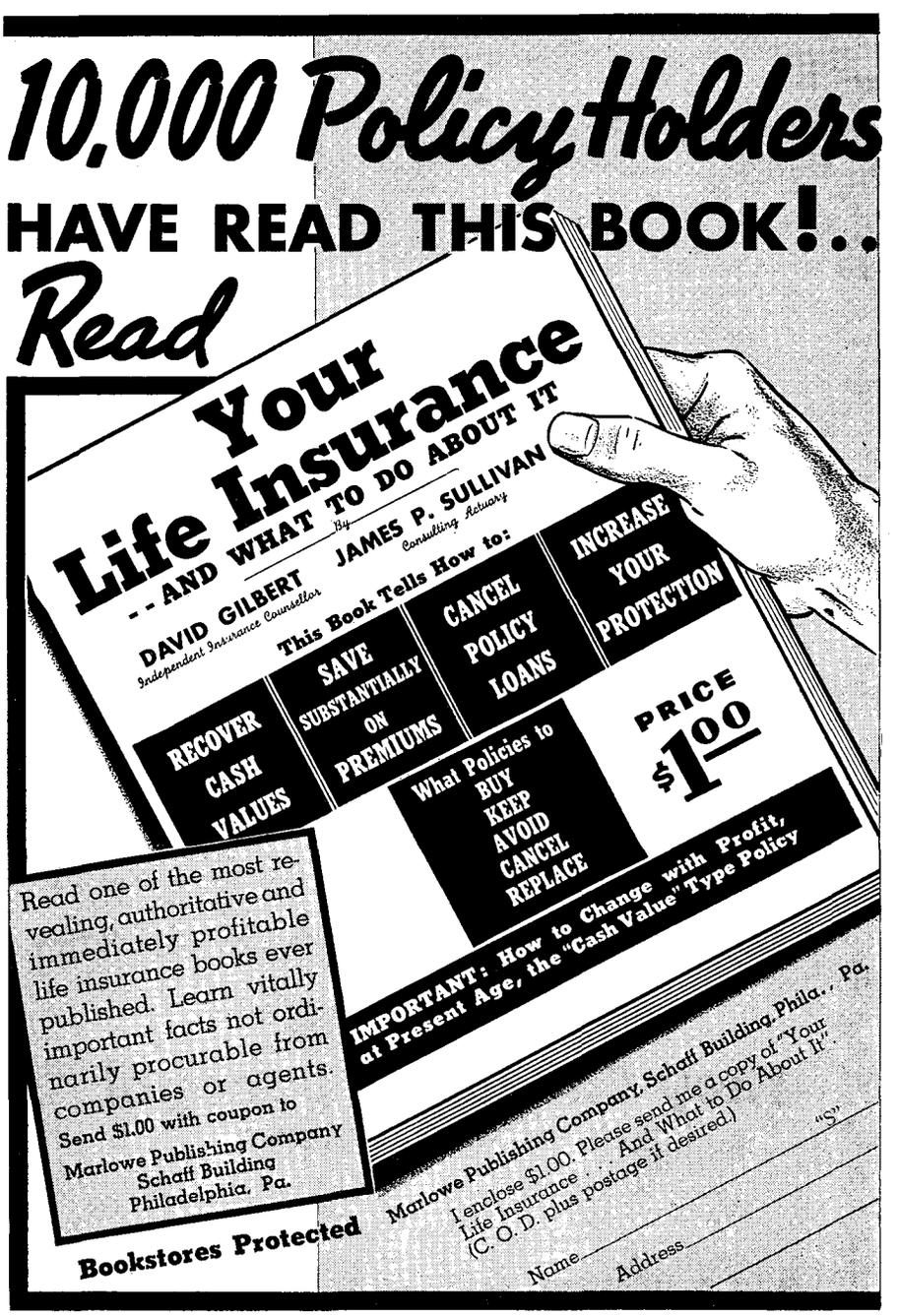
Happily Mr. Miller left a more forceful imprint on the theatre in his son, Gilbert, son and grandson of actors who may, in time, with professional insight and the candor that only a relative can indulge, give us a portrait in perspective of a man who was a matinee idol, shrewd business man, sound craftsman, and raging tyrant.

John Anderson is dramatic critic of the New York Journal American.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 207)

MARY W. SHELLEY—"FRANKENSTEIN"

My dreams presented a thousand objects that scared me. Towards morning I was possessed by a kind of nightmare. I felt the fiend's grasp in my neck and could not free myself from it; groans and cries rung in my ears.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Birthdays and Destiny

SEASON OF BIRTH: Its Relation to Human Abilities. By Ellsworth Huntington. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by H. M. PARSHLEY

THE subject of Professor Huntington's new book makes a strong appeal to human interest because belief in the ancient superstitions of astrology is still widespread and because people who take no stock in the stars are none the less curious about whatever has to do with the more obvious phenomena of reproduction. It should therefore be stated, first of all, that the book under review is primarily a *tour de force* of statistics, concerned for the most part with subtle phenomena, monotonous graphs, and detailed reasoning. It is not easy or entertaining reading. Furthermore, the author states at the end that "heredity, diet, and mode of life, when taken together, doubtless have far more effect upon health, longevity, and achievement than has season of birth." These facts put the book in a proper light and should forestall any attempt to use it as a basis for sensational or revolutionary attacks upon established biological principles.

The author's primary conclusion is that in man a primitive, biological reproductive rhythm exists, in accordance with which births tend to be most numerous at a temperature of about 45°, which means (in our temperate regions) during the months of February and March. This, of course, requires that conceptions should tend to be most numerous in the months of May and June—"in the spring a young man's fancy," etc., an old story—when the temperature averages 62°. The author shows at great length that infants born well before the hot season have always had a better chance for survival than those born in the summer, and he argues that this is the basis for the reproductive rhythm, as it is in many animals. So the basic rhythm—conception in spring, birth in late winter—was long ago fixed in the human species by natural selection. Strains which failed to acquire this rhythm lost in the struggle for existence. Huntington establishes and explains this long recognized rhythm. He also shows in statistical detail how seasonal migrations of men workers, the occurrence of festivals and fasts, and other social factors affect the basic rhythm, using whatever peoples and places offer him the necessary statistics.

Two peculiar items now appear: first, that the conception or spring temperature is most favorable for the parents' *physical* health and activity; second, that the birth or late winter temperature is most favorable for the parents' *mental* health and activity. Huntington ingeniously correlates these items with the basic rhythm by suggesting that physical health especially favors mating activity, while mental keenness favors the care of the helpless infant after it is born. He goes further and maintains that the physical state of the parents at the time of conception directly affects the germ cells, so that superior offspring will be produced on the average if conception occurs at the most favorable time or season. This the reviewer regards as the least acceptable of Huntington's main theories. Much more evidence will be required to show conclusively that minor fluctuations in parental somas (bodies) can cause prompt changes in the inherent potentialities of given germ cells. This objection is raised for general genetic reasons, not on statistical grounds.

However this may be, the statistics next show that human ability tends to be especially pronounced among individuals born in the favorable season. The reader can easily imagine the masses of data which the assiduous author and collaborators have gathered on this point from such indispensable sources as the various "Who's Who" publications, the biographical dictionaries, the directories of men of science, and the encyclopedias. Sure enough, when boiled down and organized in the neat and oddly characteristic graphs used in this work, the figures show that "on the average the chances of permanent fame are fifty to one hundred per cent greater among Americans born in February than among those born in June." And the same applies to other nations. But how about defectives? How about criminals, sex offenders, idiots, the insane, people who get tuberculosis, and other such favorite horrors of the eugenists? Well, the fact is that these "weak" types also appear in unusual numbers among those born at the best season.

This observation, which one might think would have put a stop to the entire investigation, is simply a good example of the statistical and factual difficulties that serve to bring out Professor Huntington's remarkable ingenuity. Time and again he turns apparently fatal data to the advantage of his theories by mathematical and logical procedures that are beyond criticism by the present reviewer. The author is on to every statistical trick, and it is to be hoped that competent experts in this field will go over his work in the pages of technical journals.

"Season of Birth" is a valuable and interesting work because it brings together a great quantity of statistical evidence bearing upon an important theory which has hitherto received scant attention. Some of the author's suggestions may not survive criticism, but the book will stand as a permanent contribution to human biology.

H. M. Parshley, author of "The Science of Human Reproduction," is professor of zoölogy in Smith College.

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Cummings's Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS. By E. E. Cummings. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

IT was time for this book. Cummings has had more than his share of irrelevant criticism, whether adulatory or scornful. Everyone will talk about him, classify him, define him; few seem to have read him with critical attention. Blackmur's essay on his language is a classic; Robert Graves and Laura Riding have discussed him sympathetically and intelligently in their "Survey"; I remember an excellent brief notice of "Viva" by Tate. There is little else; and the reason is partly that his books have been hard to acquire, and partly that, even when acquired, the chaotic mixture of good and bad has sidetracked criticism. This collection, the result of much weeding-out, should clarify many problems.

Having made sure, for old time's sake, that both Buffalo Bill and My Uncle Sol are intact, one begins to note the omissions. Most of them are quite just: a lot of the purely trick poems have gone, a lot of the comic obscenities. One regrets "i was sitting in mcsorley's," from "is 5," and the Cleopatra elegy, and the long "Epithalamion"; but the regret is probably undergraduate nostalgia. Many others might profitably have been dropped. One tires of the sleight-of-hand, the worked-to-death negative prefix ("unfools unfree/undeaths who live"), the insistent eroticism that drains off its own exuberance (133 is true; 63 isn't). But after all, no man can write with the passionate violence of Cummings and *not* fail splendidly and often. What matters is, that here are collected some of the finest lyric poems of our day: love poems like 225, for instance; or 241—surely one of the great English sonnets; such playthings, miraculously tilted back from the brink of sentimental ruin, as 274 and 104; such brutalities as the terrible elegy on Crosby (193), or 202 with its nightmare Dali ending. Magic of image, of diction, of line. And, let it be noted, an unflagging joyous delight in the fact of Being. With all its failures and beauties, its clashing of styles, its brainsmashing complexities and moving simplicities, this the poetry of a man of complete artistic integrity.

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Economics under Mussolini

THE PLOUGH AND THE SWORD: LABOR, LAND AND PROPERTY IN FASCIST ITALY. By Carl T. Schmidt. New York: Columbia University Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

IN the vast literature which has grown up around Fascism, Italy's basic problem—agriculture—has all too often been neglected. The study prepared by Dr. Schmidt of Columbia University, who spent several months in Italy under a fellowship from the Social Science Research Council, is consequently a welcome addition to the scant material on the subject. The author frankly admits in his preface that " 'impartiality,' in the sense of pretending not to have social values, has been impossible," but adds that "no available data, whether favorable or unfavorable to Fascist avowals, have been deliberately ignored or distorted."

Dr. Schmidt—who has been described as a Marxist, views the Italian situation in terms of class struggle, with the Fascist state ranged at the side of big industrialists, bankers, and landowners against the workers and peasants. He disputes the frequent contention that Fascism is rapidly moving toward state socialism. He argues that "the only socialization has been that of business losses," and that "under Fascism the working masses live, and must live, in material and spiritual poverty." He recognizes that, before the World War rural Italy lived in "extreme poverty," and that in the post-war period "the leadership of the proletarian movement was divided, hesitant, and in part essentially conservative." He attacks Mussolini for failing to fulfill his 1921 promise of agrarian revolution, and for imposing on Italy a policy which seeks to achieve land reclamation and self-sufficiency in wheat without encroaching on the property rights of landowners and industrialists engaged in the production of machinery and fertilizers. Dr. Schmidt also criticizes Mussolini's policy of high tariffs on wheat, which has penalized Italian consumers by "unnecessarily high living costs and reduced consumption." In his opinion, the welfare of the rural masses demands removal of tariff barriers and opportunity for emigration.

It is at this point that Dr. Schmidt's painstakingly documented study is open to criticism. He tends to analyze Italy's agricultural situation as if it functioned in a political vacuum. He does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that a country poor in essential foodstuffs and raw materials must enjoy the broadest kind of international coöperation if it is to assure its population a minimum standard of living, and that such coöperation was denied in the first place by the great democracies —notably the United States and the British Dominions—which in the early post-war years imposed stringent tariff and immigration restrictions to which Italy was peculiarly vulnerable. Dr. Schmidt weakens his own argument, when he states in the concluding chapter, that in spite of the "grinding" poverty he has described, the Fascist regime has furnished the peasants and workers—who "have always known poverty and hunger" —with an emotional appeal, which serves to divert their gaze from " 'material' to 'spiritual values'." Our failure to recognize that peoples live not by bread alone, but by sentiments of national pride, frequently distorts analyses based on the over-simplified attempt to read all current events in terms of class struggle.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH WEARS A WHITE COAT *Theodora DuBois* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Doctor tries solution on hyper-thyroid spouse who, to amazement of hospital, ups and dies. Brother medico spots injection-tamperer.	Much better than most medical mysteries. Scientific stuff is interesting, characters bright, and solution logical, if just a bit melodramatic.	Very good
IF I DIE BEFORE I WAKE *Sherwood King* (Simon and Schuster: $2.)	Chauffeur who agrees, for price, to fake killing, horrified when man who paid him is found really murdered.	Considerably tangled yarn of amoral Long Island socialites, with three violent deaths and a weird denouement.	Feverish
THE CLUE IN THE MIRROR *Nigel Morland* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Murder of crooked London financier—and other deaths—mean much work for brawny, bumptious Mrs. Pym of S. Yard.	At least one unique murder device, much pummeling, pushing around, elephantine British humor, and a "well! well!" solution.	Boisterous
NINE DAYS' PANIC *Reginald Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Sundry strange happenings in sleepy English hamlet release flood of dialect and keep Insp. Ipswich and associates on tenterhooks.	Skeletons, vanishing damsels, village idiots, counterfeiters, prehistoric lore, local patois zummat tarrible, and confusing plot.	Pretty thick
DOUBLE JEOPARDY *M. M. Goldsmith* (Macaulay: $2.)	Small town druggist convicted of slaying whiny wife. Serves term, and, on release, makes horrifying discovery with astounding consequences.	Tricky legal point basis of yarn packed with purple passages, lurid situations, sloppy sentiment, and much lush writing.	Garish
THE WRONG VERDICT *W. S. Masterman* (Dutton: $2.)	Murder of gent masquerading as magician puts young Englishman on spot till A. Sinclair fathoms riddle.	Not much doubt about solution from early in yarn, and few thrilling passages don't make up for arid stretches.	Ordinary

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Santayana on Truth

THE REALM OF TRUTH. Book Third of Realms of Being. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by THEODORE MORRISON

Truth is groped after, not imposed, by the presumptions of the intellect: and if these presumptions are often true, the reason is that they are based upon and adjusted to the actual order of nature . . .

HERE is the nub of Santayana's philosophy, reaffirmed again in this book as on hundreds of pages of preceding works, always with inexhaustible fertility of metaphor and shining perfection of phrase. Nature exists, an environment within which men arise as organisms, each obeying as a seed does the predetermined cycle of development and activity. The organs with which we come into the world are adapted to life in a natural environment, or we should not continue to exist at all. In response to stimuli, they give us reports of this environment, intuitions which "animal faith" necessarily trusts as guides to action, and which, when we stop to look at them for just the forms, colors, and conceptions they present, reveal "essences" and open the doors of logic, descriptive knowledge, and contemplation.

This is a philosophy properly describable as materialistic, naturalistic. It accepts the account of the physical world given by the physical sciences as the best available to men. But it is not a philosophy that purports to describe the universe. It gives rather a conspectus of men's experience and knowledge. It is human, Socratic, moral, rather than metaphysical. Its great virtue is that it provides a frame of thought within which new sciences and arts may be fitted, so that instead of producing confusion and bewilderment as they so often do in the modern world, they can be brought into harmony with each other, used in collaboration to promote a "life of reason" for men.

"The Realm of Truth" is the latest volume in the series of "Realms of Being," and is the best of the author's philosophical works, I think, since the introductory volume, "Scepticism and Animal Faith." It is possible for Santayana to infuse into the discussion of truth greater moral excitement, more poetry, and more humanity than could find their way into the previous volumes on matter and essence. His chapter on "Moral Truth" is among the greatest essays he has written. Its core is that truth in the moral sphere is reducible to self-knowledge and sincerity.

> Moral ideas are usually hybrid. On the one hand, they may contain truth about matters of fact, such as that arsenic is poison, or that a man with more than the desired courage will be called rash, and with less, a coward. On the other hand, in recording these facts the moralist probably adopts and asserts in his own person the preference implied in those eulogistic or disparaging terms . . . and preference is a feeling or an impulse to action which cannot be either false or true.

None the less, usage "leads us to speak of truth in morals. And there are good reasons for acquiescing in this extension of the range within which judgment may be called true or false." Good reasons, because unenlightened or fanatical moral passions obscure outward facts and deceive us about ourselves, while integrity combined with intelligence, although it does not describe external fact, prevents misjudgment and "makes a man's choices true to himself. . . . Thus truth and error may be possible in morals, in so far as they are truths or errors in self-knowledge."

The conception of truth which Santayana labors to express is the conception implicit in common sense. It may seem naive, in a day of skeptics, relativists, operationalists, positivists, pragmatists, and Hegelians, to defend the old, rough, persistent human feeling that in uttering the word "truth" we are appealing to a vaguely but deeply felt universal standard. And Santayana meets the skeptics with a smile, knowing that he can go a step beyond the toughest of them without flinching. No belief or system of beliefs need be true, in more than the most partial and limited sense; yet in saying so, we posit (as his word is) all over again that felt standard, affirmed by "animal faith," by the necessary trust of an intelligent organism acting in an environment, which the word truth represents in human experience. Santayana has made an impressive attempt to elucidate this dogged assumption, to drag all its implications up to light, to define its limits of tenability, and to vindicate it within them. He has given Pilate's question such an answer as Pilate, if he had possessed any glimmering of what it would be like, might well have stayed to hear.

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

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"Play's the Thing"

PLAY IN POETRY. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by F. O. MATTHIESSEN

QUOTING Frost's pronouncement, "Give us immedicable woes—woes that nothing can be done for—woes flat and final. And then to play. The play's the thing. Play's the thing," Louis Untermeyer has written four lectures to prove it. They demonstrate one of the dilemmas of contemporary criticism. Skillful handling of such a theme would seem to demand a firm grasp of psychological theory and highly exact critical terms. Untermeyer makes no pretense to the kind of scientific equipment that Max Eastman used in "The Literary Mind," but bases his book on such intuitive insight as was possessed by Francis Thompson when he remarked that the poet "is always at play, save only that his play is such that manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children."

That makes a good starting point, and one doubtless exhilarating to the auditors of the Henry Ward Beecher lecturer in the chapel at Amherst College; but Untermeyer's want of a discriminating vocabulary allows him to develop no fresh distinctions but merely to blur old ones, in his determination to find play everywhere. It seems odd, after having said that the figures of speech in one of Donne's Holy Sonnets "are particularly violent, the similes most tortuous, and the wit most agonized," to proceed in the next paragraph to consider this "a verbal trick." It is even less rewarding to remark that in Lovelace's faded sophistication "the impulse to play has an almost childish charm." The trouble is that in his eagerness to include all poetry in his present province Untermeyer is willing to go so far as to say "Rhyme itself is a form of play; it is something between a metaphor and a pun."

These lectures are something between an anthology and a running commentary on most schools of poetry, leaving out the unpopular Augustans, from the Elizabethans to Ogden Nash. The loose structure leads their author into such muddy connectives as, "In the poetry of Thomas Hardy and Gerard Manley Hopkins another type of play is manifest." It quickly turns out, of course, that not even this all-embracing author can find much in common between such a pair. And, indeed, the one element that might serve to unite them, their possession of a tragic sense, is wholly lost sight of when Untermeyer presently swings to the other extreme and, desiring now to point the utter difference between them, declares that everything in Hardy was "brusque and darkly skeptical," whereas everything in Hopkins was "effusive, brilliantly affirmative," "happy and magnificent." A strange description of the man who voiced as profound accents of suffering and despair as any to be met in the language.

Inasmuch as nearly one half of his text consists of quotations, these lectures would have sounded better when delivered. The poetry could have been im-

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proved, however, by more accurate citation. There are three mistakes in one line of Hopkins's "Pied Beauty": "For skies as couple-colored as a brindled cow" in place of "For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow"; one more before the end of the quotation; two more in five lines from "Nothing is so beautiful as spring." A first reading notes a similar slip in a stanza from Emily Dickinson, another in two lines from Shakespeare, another in three lines from Wordsworth. A stanza is omitted from the middle of Robinson's "Mr. Flood's Party" with no indication; the title of Miss Millay's latest book is not "Conversations at Midnight"; Ronsard was not "a medieval poet." A grim reviewer might go on in this way almost indefinitely, but that wouldn't be play, but work.

F. O. Matthiessen is in the department of English of Harvard University.

Peppery Painter

PAINT AND PREJUDICE: THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST. By C. R. W. Nevinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

THIS is the most peppery book by a painter since Whistler's "Gentle Art," and it is far more bitter. The boy from a cosmopolitan and liberal home who was growing up in the early years of the century was inevitably doing much that was "not cricket." His health was poor, he was nearly broken by the insensate brutalities of a public school. Trained as an engineer, he gradually made his way as a painter. Paris served him well. He studied cautiously the new movements with the result that his adaptation of decorative cubism was to equip him to make the best, indeed almost the only valid artistic record of the World War.

In London his way was made hard. He developed a sort of genius for doing what was not done, and did it defiantly. He built a gypsy van, and having no other motor, drove it about London. Thus a legend of bad form and unpardonable non-conformity grew up about him. He was judged not by his art, but by his exceptional behavior. Thus he incurred the enmity of the safe and sane, and the distrust of the gently progressive Roger Fry.

This tragic book tells of a struggle against odds within and without which has happily ended in a perhaps still precarious success. As an exposure of the power of the dead hand of British snobbery those pages have distinct historical value.

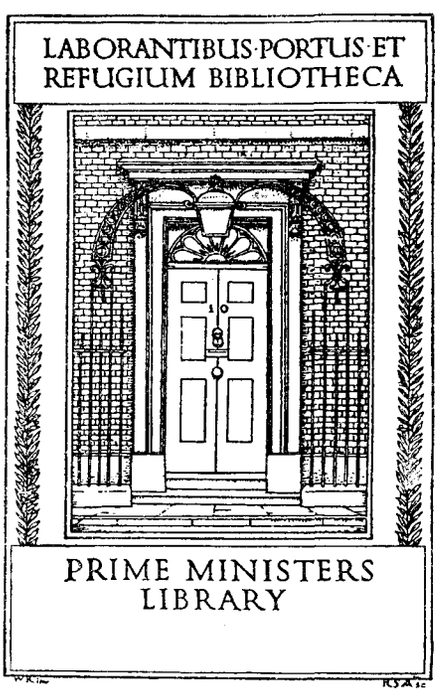
The book has a lighter side. From youth celebrities came Nevinson's way. He passes in review with a light touch such various characters as James Joyce, Lenin, Matisse, Gertrude Stein, Picasso. He knew Modgliani well, and his reminiscences should serve to correct the sinister legend of Modgliani's last days.

A testy, almost a scolding book, at times a wrong-headed one, but also a genuine and important book which must be read by all students of modern art in general and of British culture in particular.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

QUITE a while ago Old Q. prophesied a revival of interest in Richard Jefferies. It's coming along nicely: we see Harpers announcing *Jefferies' England.* If the name of Jefferies means nothing to you, look him up. ☞C. Raymond Everitt, editorial representative of Little, Brown & Co. in New York, has been promoted to the main office in Boston as a vice-president of the firm and head of Trade Editorial. Mr. Everitt, son of a well known bookseller and nephew of a former publisher, comes naturally by his bibliodisia. Herbert Jenkins, Little, Brown director and associated with the house since 1901, will continue as senior adviser in the literary department.



Books at 10, Downing Street

☞There's not much time just now for reading at 10, Downing Street, official residence of British Prime Ministers, but (like our own White House) Downing Street has been since 1931 accumulating a small permanent library of its own. An article by John Clynes in *John O'London's Weekly* tells something about the collection, which was started by Ramsay MacDonald in 1931. He invited his colleagues in the Cabinet to contribute whatever they thought appropriate for a Prime Minister's rare moments of relaxation; and Sir William Rothenstein designed a bookplate, which we reproduce—with its excellent motto, "A library is a haven and a refuge for those who labor." Among the books now there are Lamb's *Essays,* Pepys' *Diary,* Jusserand's *Wayfaring Life,* Hakluyt's *Voyages,* Walton's *Angler.* Sir Austen Chamberlain gave Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* only too appropriate just now. Earl Grey gave a number of valuable bird books, and Lord Halifax (now Foreign Minister) Boswell's *Johnson.* Perhaps the most surprising gift was Wordsworth's Poems—from Lloyd George.

☞The Huntington Library at San Marino, California, is marking the 150th birthday of Byron by an exhibit of his rare editions during March and April. ☞Incidentally the exact date when Byron woke up and "found himself famous" was March 11, 1812. ☞The Huntington Library offered, during March, to give information by telephone about the famous wistaria bloom and flowering fruit trees in its Botanical Gardens. We hope that the recent storms in that region have spared that beautiful display. ☞The bookshops of the Berkshires have long been notable; we were pleased to hear of a new one, the Corner Bookstore opened this month by John Robare, at North Adams, Mass. He does not tell us, what we always are curious to hear, what was the very first book sold in the new shop? ☞Minutes of a Town Meeting at Chatham, Mass. (Cape Cod) please us by recommending the transfer of $358.97 from the town Dog Fund to help make up an appropriation for the Library. So America's somewhat excessive preoccupation with dogs is seen to have its intellectual value. ☞Information that will please all map lovers is findable in the American Geographical Society's catalogue of books and maps. (Broadway and 156 Street).

☞A very engaging book that has not had the attention it deserves is *The Honeysuckle and the Bee* by Sir John Squire (Dutton)—an account of a walking tour multiplied by reminiscences personal and literary, and using the old music-hall ballad of our boyhood—*You are my honey, honeysuckle, I am your bee*—as a nostalgic symbol. He quotes a noble phrase about Saintsbury's old age, "looking half Rabelaisian, half Rabbinical." ☞We were pleased by Squire's

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anecdote of John Lane the publisher, who happened upon him when Squire was a young fellow of 22 working on a daily newspaper in Plymouth. And discovering that the young provincial reporter was of literary ambition, immediately fastened on him for future output.

Book and Author Luncheons

☞The A.B.A. *Book and Author* luncheons, organized by Thurston Macauley, will begin March 30 at 12.30, in the ballroom at Essex House. Tickets ($2) are to be sold at all bookshops in New York City and suburbs, or direct from the American Booksellers' Association, 35 E. 20 Street. At each luncheon (monthly) a ballot will be held for the book most enjoyed during the current month. Professor William Lyon Phelps will take the chair at the first meeting, and the following speakers are announced: Sinclair Lewis, Ferdinand Lundberg, and Ruth Harkness (but without the Panda).

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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ALLERGIC TO WORK, not quite sane. Can use employer; author, advertiser, or publisher preferred. Secretarial, radio, teaching experience—poor but honest references. Female.

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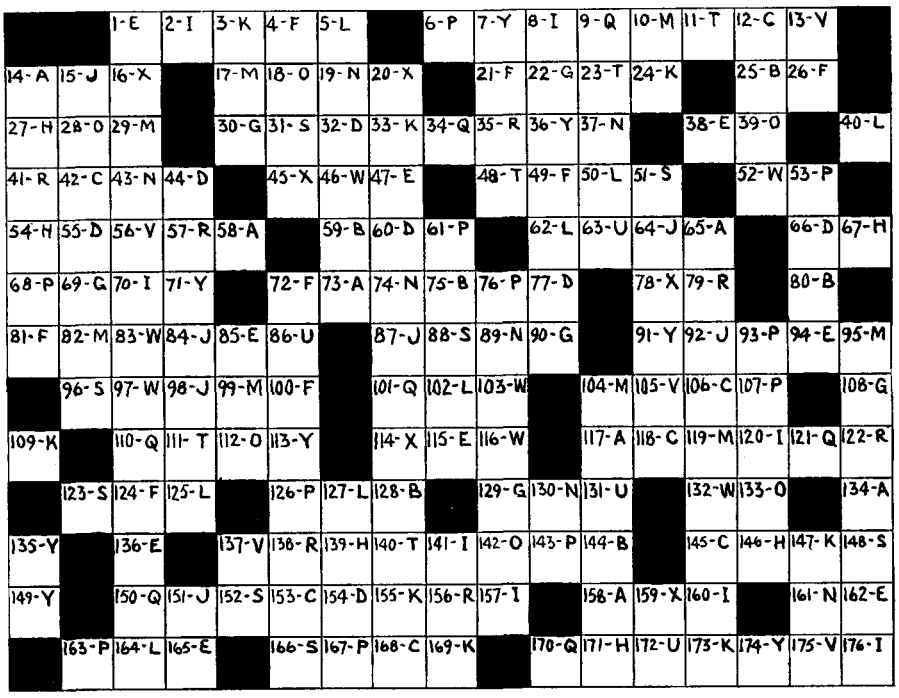
Double-Crostics: No. 208

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Novel by Sinclair Lewis.
B. Ambrosia of Hinduism.
C. Unavoidable penalty.
D. Among Mormons, a non-Mormon.
E. Whisper.
F. Shakespearean character.
G. Incidentally (Latin).
H. Simple.
I. Rashness.
J. Rough with hair.
K. Inland part of a country.
L. Biographer of Walter Scott.
M. Make smooth in action.
N. "Iliad" herald with a very loud voice.
O. Wife abandoned by Paris.
P. Mercurial (comp.).
Q. Querulous.
R. Infernal regions.
S. Snubbed.
T. Goddess of Wisdom (Egypt.).
U. Ethereal.
V. Rage.
W. Jingling instrument used in worship of Isis (Egypt.).
X. Location; whereness.
Y. Moved with a reciprocating motion.

WORDS

134 14 158 117 73 58 65
59 144 128 25 75 80
106 12 145 118 42 153 168
154 77 60 66 55 32 44
94 38 162 1 115 85 136 47 165
81 124 72 4 100 49 26 21
129 30 22 108 90 69
27 171 54 146 139 67
160 70 8 157 141 2 120 176
92 84 15 64 98 87 151
33 147 169 24 155 173 109 3
62 127 40 50 164 102 125 5
10 95 17 99 104 82 119 29
37 74 89 130 43 161 19
142 18 39 133 28 112
6 76 68 107 53 126 93 143 163 167 61
150 121 34 170 9 110 101
41 35 156 122 79 138 57
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23 111 11 48 140
63 131 172 86
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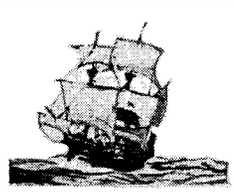

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